

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



THE "GOLDEN HIND"—SYMBOL OF A GOLDEN AGE

C. E. TURNER

2/-

NAVAL REVIEW NUMBER

2/-

*Here's a Health  
unto Her Majesty*



1896

SHELDRAKE

ESPIEGLE

ODIN

CHALLENGER & HERMES

QUEEN

CORNWALL

DOMINION

KING EDWARD VII & COMMONWEALTH & HINDUSTAN

ARGYLL

BLACK PRINCE

LORD NELSON

MINOTAUR

DREADNOUGHT BRITANNIA & HIBERNIA AFRICA

INDOMITABLE

BELLEROPHON & SUPERB

ST. VINCENT & VANGUARD

INDEFATIGABLE

COLOSSUS

CONQUEROR, THUNDERER & ORION

AGINCOURT

AUSTRALIA

NEW ZEALAND

KING GEORGE V & AJAX

ERIN

IRON DUKE & BENBOW

TIGER

VALIANT, MALAYA & QUEEN ELIZABETH

ROYAL SOVEREIGN, REVENGE & RAMILLIES

AVENGER

RENOWN & REPULSE

1951 DARING, DELIGHT, DIANA, DECOY...



Reproduced by courtesy of "The Illustrated London News" from their issue of July 3rd, 1897.



Less than a year after the Naval Review celebrating Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, H.M.S. SHELDRAKE was refitted at Chatham. She was a torpedo-gunboat of 735 tons displacement and the purpose of her refit was to replace her locomotive-type boilers by water-tube units manufactured by Babcock & Wilcox ; for "The Battle of the Boilers", between the supporters of the cylindrical and various water-tube types, was at its height.

The tests carried out with "Sheldrake" and her larger sisters "Hermes" and "Espiegle" were a decisive factor in the report of the Admiralty Committee on Boilers, issued in 1904, which was to lead to the adoption of Babcock boilers for a long and impressive line of naval vessels, many of whose names have resounded in the Nation's history. In the post-war years Babcock boilers have been specified for the new building programme of the Royal Navy, including such outstanding recent vessels as "Daring", "Delight", "Diana" and "Decoy" and for all the newest anti-submarine frigates.

It is a far cry from the Diamond Jubilee to the Coronation Review of our present Queen ; but the boiler plant of "Daring" and "Sheldrake" shares a common ancestry. The link between The Royal Navy and Babcock & Wilcox, forged fifty-six years ago, remains unbroken.

H.M. DESTROYER "DARING"

**BABCOCK**  
*Marine*  
**BOILERS**

1951 DARING, DELIGHT, DIANA, DECOY...

*We are proud of the presence of*

H.M.S. CONTEST  
H.M.S. CREOLE

H.M.S. CRISPIN  
IN THE DESTROYER LINES

H.M.S. SCORPION  
H.M.C.S. SIOUX

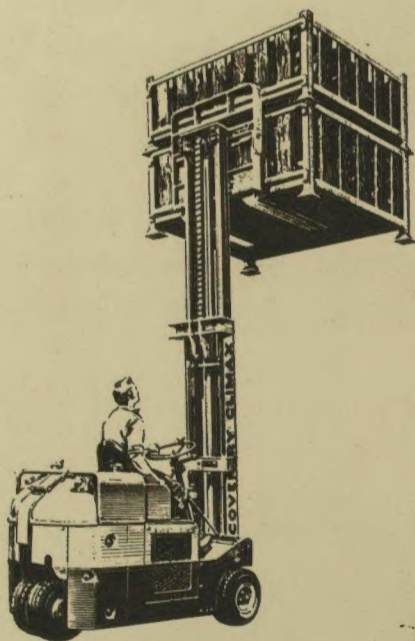
ALSO H.M.S. BOLD PIONEER AT HER MAJESTY'S CORONATION REVIEW.



J. SAMUEL WHITE & COMPANY LTD

SHIPBUILDERS AND ENGINEERS

COWES, I. OF W.



THE FORK LIFT TRUCK is the versatile modern handling machine which brings mass-production economies to materials handling . . . lifting, transporting, stacking with speed and safety, without effort or damage. It is a self-contained, one operator, fully mobile unit which, with its lifting forks plus a series of attachments or containers, will cope successfully with the widest range of handling problems.



*Coventry  
Climax*

*Pioneers of the small diesel fork lift truck*

COVENTRY CLIMAX  
ENGINES Ltd. (Dept. 1N.)  
COVENTRY, ENGLAND.



## *In war and peace*

STONE'S have served the British Admiralty for over 120 years. The Royal Dockyard at Deptford was founded in 1551 by Henry VIII and it was to Deptford that Queen Elizabeth I came to dine aboard the "Golden Hind" and there to knight Francis Drake on his return from his voyage round the world.

Josiah Stone founded our company in 1832 and since that date there has existed an unbroken connection between the Admiralty and Stone's. In that magnificent Navy which steamed away into the Northern mists in 1914 and held command of the seas until 1918 were 665 ships of which 32 battleships, 86 cruisers and 286 destroyers were fitted with STONE'S BRONZE PROPELLERS. During the entire War our Works was exclusively commandeered by the Admiralty for the production of propellers for the Royal Navy.

When the second World War began in 1939 we were once more faced with a huge demand for our bronze propellers. During those momentous six years we made no less than 22,000 propellers representing a total of about 20 million transmitted H.P. This time, however, we also made many propellers for the Admiralties and Merchant Navies of the Allied Nations. The Navy production included propellers for 9 battleships, 29 aircraft carriers, 80 cruisers, 424 destroyers, 275 submarines and 398 sloops, corvettes and frigates besides thousands of smaller craft.

Today, in peacetime, we are continuing our long connection with the Admiralty, making new and complex types of propellers and soon our new propeller alloy NOVOSTON will go into service in the Royal Navy.

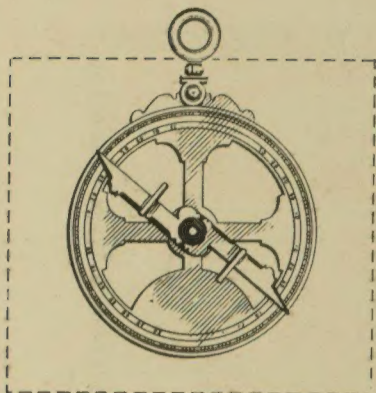
We are proud of our long and important association with our own Royal Navy to which we take this opportunity of paying our sincere tribute of respect.

**J. STONE**  
& CO. (CHARLTON) LTD.

OCEANIC HOUSE, 1A COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

*Ships of the first Elizabethan age relied on the*

## MARINER'S ASTROLABE



*Probably the earliest form of instrument designed for taking altitudes at sea, the Mariner's Astrolabe was invented by Hipparchus in 160 B.C. Its later development is credited to a German, Martin Behaim, who produced one in 1480.*

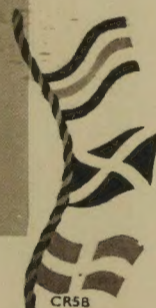
The astrolabe was simple to include among a ship's instruments, but less simple to use; *Cossor Marine Radar* is both simple to install and simple to use. It gives a crystal clear display at all ranges, in all weathers, and in all climates. It is quick, accurate, reliable, and easy to maintain.

...the modern  
ship fits  
C.M.R.

**MOST ADVANCED  
NAVIGATIONAL AID  
OF TODAY**



*Britain's largest and most modern tanker, MV. BRITISH SKILL, carries Cossor Marine Radar. Photograph by courtesy of B.T.C. Ltd.*



Please address enquiries to:— COSSOR RADAR LTD., COSSOR HOUSE, Highbury Grove, London, N.5  
Telephone: CA Nonbury 1234 (30 lines)

M.O.T. type approved



for SECURITY which brings PEACE . . .

since 1877 when we built the first  
British Torpedo Boat Destroyer

# THORNYCROFT

have supplied many ships to the Royal Navy.

We also build fast passenger and cargo vessels to 6,000 tons; tugs, ferry steamers and shallow-draught vessels, and many types of Special Service Craft . . .

for COMMERCE which brings PROSPERITY.

JOHN I. THORNYCROFT & CO. LIMITED, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.



**BRITISH SEAGULL**

*"The best Outboard Motor in the World"*

THE BRITISH SEAGULL CO. LTD., POOLE, DORSET.

Telephone: POOLE 818



# WESTLAND'S

*Contributions to the*

## QUEEN'S AIR FORCES

are the Royal Navy's foremost strike-fighter the Westland "Wyvern," with Armstrong Siddeley Python turboprop engine and Rotol contra-rotating propellers, backed with the Westland S.51 and S.55 helicopters in their search, life saving, and transport roles and now in service with the Army, Navy and Air Forces of the Crown throughout the world.

*For Problems Requiring Specialised Knowledge & Experience*



H.M.S. BOLD PATHFINDER HIGH SPEED GAS TURBINE EXPERIMENTAL M.T.B.

# VOSPER LTD

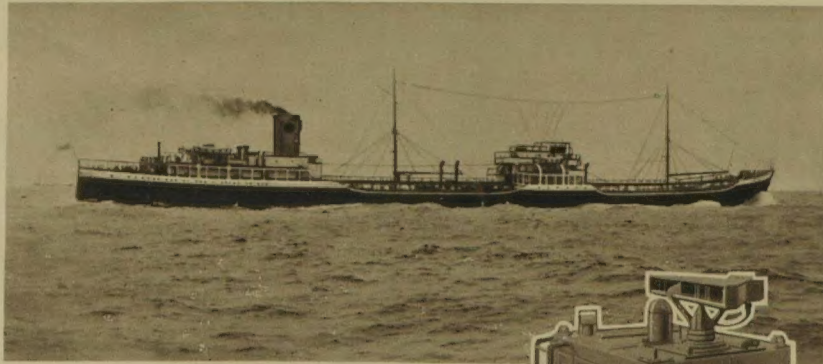
SHIPBUILDERS & ENGINEERS & SHIP REPAIRERS  
SPECIALISTS IN HIGH-SPEED CRAFT  
OF PORTSMOUTH



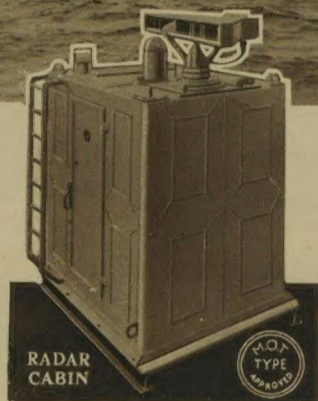
H.M.S. "GAY BOMBARDIER"



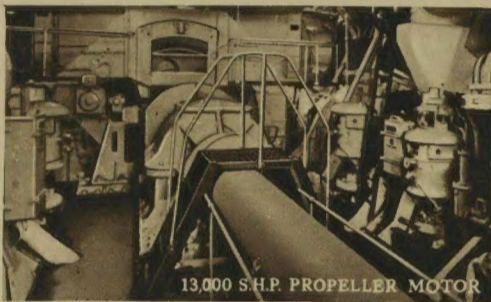
## MARINE PROPULSION AND RADAR EQUIPMENT



18,000 tons (d.w.) tanker, T.E.S. 'Hyalina' fitted with BTH turbo-electric propulsion machinery, turbo-generators for auxiliary power supply, and with BTH marine radar equipment. With unrivalled manufacturing resources backed by continual research, BTH enjoys an enviable reputation for the quality



RADAR CABIN



13,000 S.H.P. PROPELLER MOTOR

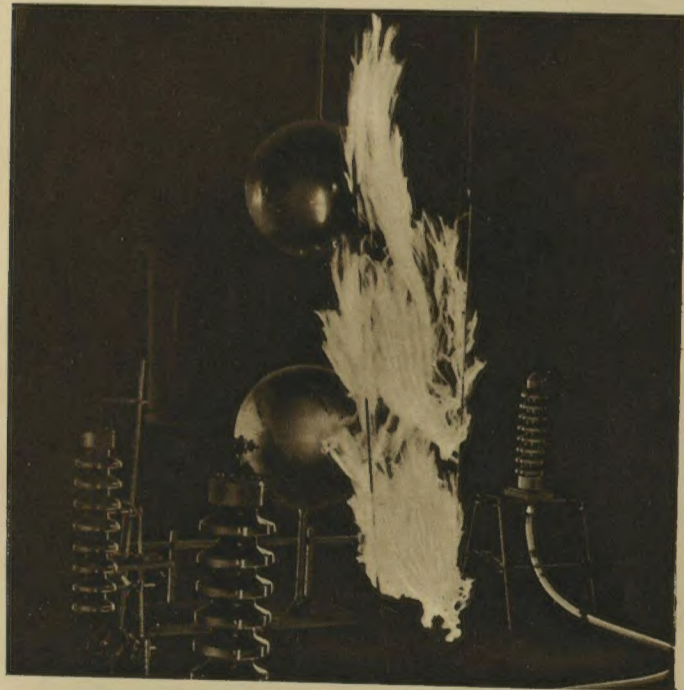
and reliability of its products. These include electric equipment for any size or type of ship—ranging from main propulsion to lighting—from auxiliary generating plant to Radar.

### THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON

COMPANY LIMITED, RUGBY, ENGLAND

Member of the A.E.I. group of companies

A 4225



## STORM before a Calm

Artificial electric storms are every-day creations at the BICC Research Laboratories.

It is here that new techniques in cable-making are evolved, new designs are proved and materials tested to the limit of their endurance. And in the calm that follows, the knowledge thus gained is used in the development and manufacture of cables to give long reliable service under all conditions.

BICC are backed by nearly seventy years' experience in the manufacture of High Voltage Cables.

## BICC CABLES

*The World's Largest Cable Manufacturers*



BRITISH INSULATED CALLENDER'S CABLES LIMITED  
21 BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

## ACCURACY MEANS ECONOMY OF FORCE

Nothing is more costly in terms of naval strength than the projectile which misses its mark or the aircraft that fails to find its target.



## SPERRY

Naval Fire Control Systems

Marine and Aeronautical Navigational Equipment

THE SPERRY GYROSCOPE CO. LTD., GREAT WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX



—they have such a good name



BY APPOINTMENT MEDALLISTS  
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

# SPINK & SON LTD.

5, 6 & 7, KING ST., ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.1.

Tel: Whitehall 5275 • Cables: Spink, London

ESTABLISHED

1772



Officer's Gold Medal  
for Camperdown, 1797



Heligoland Bight, 1914  
and Dogger Bank, 1915



Nelson's great victory  
at Trafalgar, 1805



Armada, 1588



Naval Award, 1653

## BRITISH NAVAL HISTORY THROUGH FIVE CENTURIES

**FLY 'SPRINGBOK'**  
TO

**South Africa**



THREE FLIGHTS WEEKLY  
by South African Airways to  
Johannesburg via Rome, Khartoum  
and Nairobi. One service per week  
calls at Frankfurt. Fully pressurized  
4-engined Constellation aircraft. Com-  
plimentary meals and mealtime drinks.  
No gratuities. British Overseas Air-  
ways also provide three flights  
weekly by Comet to Johannesburg  
on the 'Springbok' Service which  
is operated jointly by S.A.A.  
and B.O.A.C.

• CONSULT YOUR  
TRAVEL AGENT:  
B. O. A. C. OR  
SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

**SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS**



SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone: WHITEHALL 4488

HOMAGE

*in loyal and humble duty*

ROLLS-ROYCE

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

The World Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Illustrations and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the British Dominions and Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1953.



## THE CORONATION REVIEW OF THE FLEET BY H.M. THE QUEEN: H.M.S. SURPRISE, ACTING AS ROYAL YACHT, PASSING DOWN THE LINES OF ASSEMBLED WARSHIPS AT SPITHEAD ON JUNE 15.

At 3 p.m. on June 15 the Royal yacht, H.M.S. *Surprise*, preceded by the Trinity House yacht *Patricia*, left the South Railway Jetty at Portsmouth for Spithead, with H.M. the Queen aboard to review the Fleet. As *Surprise* passed through

the lines of warships, her Majesty, who was accompanied by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, took the salute from a glass-enclosed saluting-platform. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and other members of the Royal family also embarked in *Surprise*.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"THANK God," says the perspiring volunteer in the confusion and chaos of the Territorial field-day in the escapist pages of an early twentieth-century *Punch*, "thank God, we've got a Navy!" Fifty years later, at the time of the Coronation Naval Review of the then King of England's great-granddaughter, a superficial observer, comparing our naval strength with our military, might almost suppose the prayer to have been reversed. Improving upon the late Lord Baldwin's strategic maxim, mid-twentieth-century Britain seems to have assumed that her frontier is no longer the deep, but the Rhine or, rather, Elbe, and that her best protection is neither a wooden wall nor an ironclad, but a tank. All day long, and sometimes all night too, the windows of my home on the Dorset coast shake with the noise of heavy firing and, reviving puppyhood's memories of the blitz, reduce my usually valiant terrier to paroxysms of terror; but the reverberating sound comes, not, as in Thomas Hardy's poem about the listening sleepers in Mellstock churchyard, from "cannon practice out at sea," but from a neighbouring tank range. Despite the lesson of 1940, we appear to pin all our hopes on being able to keep our foes from reaching the shores of the Channel and North Sea. Once there, it seems to be assumed, nothing can stop them. Khaki can alone do our business. Bell-bottom trousers and cloth of navy blue no longer count.

Personally, if I had any voice in the matter—and I can think of nothing less probable!—I should still, for all the technical changes of our age, fall back on our fathers' well-tryed plan of putting our all into our Navy—and Air Force—and let our valiant little Regular Army make do with what is left. Hard though it was on the Army, it paid wonderful dividends in the past and, given the chance, would, I dare say, pay as wonderful in the future. It was a policy that saved us from Philip of Spain and Louis XIV., from Napoleon and Kaiser William, and more recently from Adolf Hitler, though in the latter case most of our timorous politicians and bureau-rats despaired of its being able to do so. And, given the chance, it can, I believe, still save us from dangers in the future greater even than these. For I am one of those who hold by the old adage that there is nothing, under God, that the Royal Navy cannot do. Only, the date being 1953, I would add the rider: "with wings!"

Everyone who attended the Coronation Review must have been struck by two things: the wonderful efficiency of the officers and men of the Royal Navy—the virtual impossibility of their being surpassed, man for man, by those of any Navy in the world—and the sadly reduced size of the Fleet they have to man. When one thinks back to, say, the Coronation Review of 1911, the full magnitude of our reduction in naval strength becomes apparent. Coronations, and Coronation Reviews are, as well as much else, a form of national stock-taking. They are like birthdays, when we contrast, as hopefully as possible, the present with the future. It is a time of counting blessings and weighing assets. Having seen the start of five new reigns—and I can at least claim that no living Englishman has seen more!—I feel I can with reasonable safety venture on a prophecy about the reign which has just started. For, as it is highly improbable that I shall be alive when it ends, no one is likely to be able to confound me with my own prediction. It is that, if our young Queen lives her allotted span and her reign is as long as we all pray it will be, when the second Elizabethan Age passes into history one of two things will have happened. Either this country, by itself or in conjunction with some wider political union of which it is then a member, will have recovered its ancient strategic control of the world's seaways, or it will have ceased to be a great, populous and independent Power. Either Britons, by themselves or with others, will rule or control the waves, or they will have become slaves! We shall either have learnt to look to our lifeline again, or our lifeline will have ceased to exist and we, and all that we stand for, will have ceased to exist with it.

I know that many progressive persons will regard such a thesis as antiquated and unrealistic. Mid-twentieth-century Britain, they argue, has inescapably become a second-rate or even third-rate Power and cannot, with its slender resources, compete any longer for the trident of the seas.

To which I can only reply that, whatever Britain's present or potential power, her population is still nearly twice as large as she can feed and supply from her own soil and with raw materials, and that unless we are to contemplate an early, drastic and disastrous decrease in that population, we have got, willy-nilly, to safeguard against aggression the sea-lanes or over-sea-lanes along which so large a part of our food and raw materials must come. If we cannot do this, we shall sooner or later see those sea and air lanes closed to us and our very existence lie at another's mercy. We shall then cease to be an independent people. Paupers cannot be independent. Nor can prisoners.

Everything that one knows, not only of our history, but of our present national character, points to the fact that our independence as a people is very dear to us. I predict, therefore, that when we realise how much that independence is threatened we shall exert ourselves very considerably to recover it. We shall not relinquish our capacity to defend our own freedom and that of others without a struggle. Sooner than do that we shall tighten

our belts, lengthen our working hours and forgo many things which to-day we regard as more important than naval and air power. We shall revert to our fathers' wise and hard-earned philosophy and do as our fathers did. We shall, in peace as we still do in war, think it worth while to work hard and make sacrifices to be strong and free.

For the problem to-day is to get the British people to work with a will and with their full and innate capacity for resolution, faith and discipline. The war showed how great that capacity was and, on a smaller scale, the wonderful triumph of the Coronation has shown it again. But at a time when our situation demands of us the utmost of which we are capable—an Elizabethan effort to meet a crisis even graver than that which faced England when the first Elizabeth ascended the throne—we are working by standards not unlike those which prevail in the less exacting classes of a not very strenuous public school, where "swot" is despised and hard work regarded as bad form and a betrayal of the majority. This is a hard saying, yet in how many trades and walks of life is it not true? Nor is it wholly the ordinary Englishman's fault. It is partly that he is still tired, and not too well nourished,

after his immense and long-sustained effort and sacrifice in war. It is still partly that he is suffering from the "hang-over" of the dangerous social inequalities and injustices of the nineteenth century—inequalities and injustices that have now been largely removed, yet which still find expression in the Socialist emotionalism of Aneurin Bevan and the angry, minatory creed of Marxist Communism. But these would count for little in the middle 'fifties into which we are moving if the latent energy and enthusiasm of our people were allowed free and full play. Instead, through an intellectual failure in our leaders of all parties, we are suffering from a feeling of frustration. We are conscious of very real material needs which could be satisfied, physically, by hard work and enterprise, if only, financially, hard work and enterprise were not so drastically and crushingly discouraged. We are working under a monetary and fiscal system almost as obscurantist, unjust and penalising to effort as was a rack-renting absentee Irish landlord in the worst days of the nineteenth century. Thirty years ago, in the great economic slump of the early 'thirties, that great and truly Elizabethan document, the Economic Crisis Report of the Southampton Chamber of Commerce, pointed the way to the financial reform for which this country is crying out. Instead, pursuing the will-of-the-wisp light of a false and un-English egalitarian philosophy, we have followed the dead-end of nationalisation and a penal redistribution of income. Little by little we are now, as a nation, at last beginning to realise how sterile these remedies are proving. We are finding ourselves poor when we could be rich, impotent when we could be powerful, frustrated and despairing when we could be full of effort and hope. We possess, in the vast Commonwealth that our fathers created and in which we are a partner, unused resources greater than those of any nation on earth. The time has come to use them and to give our brave and enduring people a system in which effort will be rewarded and enterprise free, not merely in name, but in fact.

#### ROYAL SPECTATORS OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY PARADE.



LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE en route FOR HORSE GUARDS PARADE TO WATCH THE TROOPING THE COLOUR CEREMONY ON JUNE 11: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, PRINCESS MARGARET, PRINCESS ANNE AND THE DUKE OF CORNWALL.

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother drove in an open landau from Buckingham Palace to Horse Guards Parade with her younger daughter, Princess Margaret, and her grandchildren, the Duke of Cornwall, the Heir Apparent to the Throne, and Princess Anne, to watch the Trooping the Colour ceremony and Queen's Birthday Parade at which Queen Elizabeth II. took the salute, on June 11, her official birthday. Princess Anne sat between her grandmother and her aunt, Princess Margaret, and showed her appreciation of the great reception given by the large crowds by waving her hand in a truly Royal gesture of acknowledgment. The Duke of Cornwall, who was hatless, sat with his back to the horses, and every time Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother waved to the crowd in acknowledgment of the cheering, he did the same. Photographs of the Parade appear on other pages.



THE QUEEN'S MIGHTIEST WARSHIP : H.M.S. VANGUARD, SEEN FROM THE U.S. CRUISER BALTIMORE, DURING THE FLY-PAST.

Britain's giant battleship *Vanguard* (42,500 tons) presented an impressive spectacle, as can be seen in this photograph, which was taken from the American cruiser *Baltimore*, in the Review Fleet gathered at Spithead on June 15 to honour her Majesty the Queen. *Vanguard*, flagship of Admiral Sir George Creasy, C-in-C. Home Fleet, who commanded the Review Fleet, headed line "F." Our only battleship now in commission, *Vanguard* is the ninth of her line; the first *Vanguard* fought against the Armada and another *Vanguard* was Nelson's flagship at the

Nile. In the evening the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh dined aboard *Vanguard* with Admiral Sir George Creasy, and it was from the bridge of this great battleship that the Queen gave the signal at which the mighty array of ships was illuminated. Earlier in the afternoon, when the Queen had completed her inspection, H.M.S. *Surprise* anchored at the head of "E" line and her Majesty witnessed a fly-past of some 300 aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm which began with *Dragonfly* helicopters whirling low over the impressive assembly of ships.



THE CORONATION REVIEW: H.M.S. SURPRISE, ACTING AS ROYAL YACHT, PASSING FOREIGN WARSHIPS,

H.M. the Queen arrived by car at Portsmouth on the evening of June 14, and embarked in the Despatch Vessel H.M.S. *Surprise*, which was acting as Royal Yacht. On the following day at 2.35 p.m. her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, and other members of the Royal family, also embarked in *Surprise*, and at 3 p.m. the Royal Yacht left South Railway Jetty for Spithead, preceded by the Trinity House Yacht *Patricia* and escorted by H.M.S. *Redpole*, the Admiralty Yacht. As *Surprise* approached the assembled warships a Royal Salute was fired, and then the Royal Yacht entered the Review lines between the battleship *Vanguard*

and the U.S. cruiser *Baltimore* (lines "F" and "C") and then, passing between *Adamant* and *Reclaire*, proceeded along lines "F" and "E" to the west. The Royal Yacht turned between lines "C" and "D" and then passed between *Albatross* and *Finistère* into lines "D" and "E", and finally anchored at the head of line "E" abreast of *Vanguard*. At 5.35 there was a fly-past by the Fleet Air Arm in which Australian and Canadian squadrons took part, a total of some 300 aircraft passing over the great gathering of warships at a height of a few hundred feet. At 6.30 p.m. H.M. the Queen held a reception on board H.M.S. *Surprise* and later dined aboard



WITH CADETS ABOARD THE ITALIAN TRAINING-SHIP AMERIGO VESPUCCI (ON RIGHT) MANNING THE YARDS.

H.M.S. *Vanguard*. At 10.30 p.m. the illumination of the Fleet began, and there was a fireworks display from 10.40 to 10.55 p.m. At midnight the illumination of the Fleet ended and darkness fell on the anchorage which during the day had been the scene of so much activity, with the cheering of the ships' companies echoing across the sunlit water as the Royal Yacht passed by. On the morning of June 16 the Royal Yacht returned to harbour, and her Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, disembarked to return to London by train and the Fleet started to disperse. Our photograph was taken from the Trinity House Yacht *Patricia* and

shows *Surprise* (left) with an escorting ship passing between lines "G" and "H" with the Brazilian cruiser *Almirante Barroso* seen in the centre and the Swedish cruiser *Göta Lejon* in the background. On the right is the Italian training-ship *Amerigo Vespucci*, a vessel which resembles an old "wooden wall," but was in fact built in 1930, with hull, masts and yards of steel. It is powered by two Diesel engines and has a complement of 400 and 150 midshipmen, who are seen manning the yards as the Queen passes. On the starboard side of *Surprise* at the moment shown were the aircraft-carriers, including H.M.A.S. *Sydney*, H.M.C.S. *Magnificent*, *Theseus* and *Illustrious*.



(UPPER PHOTOGRAPH) THE START OF THE FLY-PAST: THE LEADING AIRCRAFT, DRAGONFLY HELICOPTERS, PASSING OVER H.M.S. REDPOLE, WITH (LEFT OF REDPOLE) THE CRUISERS DIDO AND CLEOPATRA. (LOWER PHOTOGRAPH) THE ROYAL YACHT, H.M.S. SURPRISE, PASSING BETWEEN H.M.S. PANGUARD (FOREGROUND) AND U.S.S. BALTIMORE.

### THE QUEEN'S PROGRESS THROUGH HER FLEET: THE ROYAL YACHT AT SPITHEAD, WITH

The weather forecast for the great Spithead Review of June 15 was unfavourable and strong winds and rain were expected; but shortly before the Royal yacht, H.M.S. *Surprise*, was due to sail out past the old forts, the wind shifted to southward and the rain clouds passed inland. The sun broke through on a brilliant

scene: great numbers of pale grey warships, dressed over all, on a sparkling sea, blue and green, with, above, a pale-blue sky flecked with racing small white clouds and, in the west, banks of dark, sweeping rain-clouds. In addition, there were the sails of innumerable yachts and the varied shapes and colours of the merchantmen



(UPPER PHOTOGRAPH) THE ROYAL YACHT, H.M.S. SURPRISE, PASSING THE FRENCH CRUISER MONTCALM. (LOWER PHOTOGRAPH) THE RUSSIAN CRUISER SVERDLOV (RIGHT BACKGROUND) FIRES HER GUNS IN SALUTE TO THE QUEEN AS THE ROYAL YACHT ENTERED SPITHEAD. IN THE FOREGROUND, OFFICERS AND MEN OF H.M.S. IMPLACABLE.

### WARSHIPS OF THE ROYAL AND FOREIGN NAVIES AND AIRCRAFT OF THE FLEET AIR ARM.

and liners in some of the lines. As *Surprise* sailed out the sun shone on *Victory*, splendidly dressed over all, and on beaches and waterfronts crowded with cheering spectators; and the saluting guns of the great fleet thundered out and their smoke streamed away on the wind. This wind had affected the lines of the ships, and

they lay diagonally across the tide. When the time approached for the fly-past of naval aircraft, thick cloud blew up and the aircraft took the prearranged bad-weather route. But over the fleet itself the cloud was not so thick, and the leading aircraft, *Dragonfly* helicopters, led the way over at the arranged time, 5.35 p.m.



ABOVE: SHIPS OUTLINED IN SILVER AGAINST THE DARK SKY OF NIGHT. CENTRE AND BELOW: SILHOUETTES OF VESSELS REVEALED BY PLUMES AND CASCADES OF PYROTECHNICS; THE ILLUMINATIONS AND FIREWORKS AFTER THE CORONATION REVIEW, WATCHED BY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE FROM *VANGUARD*.

SHIPS OUTLINED IN SILVER AGAINST THE DARK SKY; AND LIT BY FIREWORKS: THE FLEET ILLUMINATIONS AFTER THE REVIEW.

No more wonderful sight can be imagined than the illumination of the Fleet, and the fireworks display which followed the Coronation Naval Review at Spithead on Monday, June 15. The Queen, who with the Duke of Edinburgh dined on board *Vanguard*, sent out the signal for the illumination of the Fleet at 10.30 p.m. by pressing a single gold Morse key in the battleship. Immediately all ships of frigate size and above, and other ships specially nominated, were illuminated in outline; and submarines and other craft were lit by lines of light and stood out,

etched in silver against the dark sky and sea. In a moment or two the lights went out, and the firework display began. Red, white and blue effects were arranged in honour of the Queen, and the spectacle of cascades and plumes of brilliant-coloured light continued until 10.55. The final salvo consisted of over 2500 rockets discharged simultaneously, and was superbly effective. After the fireworks ceased the lights on the ships went on again. The Queen and the Duke watched the pyrotechnics from a vantage point in *Vanguard*.

# Ah! Kensitas— that's Good!



**M**y car is sometimes obstinate  
And won't go as it should —  
But breakdown scowls soon change to smiles...  
"Ah! Kensitas—that's good!"

*(Kensitas — the fresher, smoother cigarette)*

**H**e's sailed the world from East to West  
But vows he always would  
Return to what he likes the best —  
A Kensitas—that's good!

*(Kensitas taste better)*



**I**t's the fine tobacco in Kensitas that  
makes for real smoking pleasure.

OUR BELIEF, THE FINEST LEAF... **KENSITAS—THAT'S GOOD!**

**OUT OF PEDIGREE COMES PACE!**

# The success of the Daimler CONQUEST

DAIMLER DIGNITY PLUS DASH IS

## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Ever since the CONQUEST swept on to the market at £1511.5.10 including purchase tax, motorists have had a chance to experience a really new concept of motoring, in a car that is a brilliant combination of Daimler dignity and dash.

They find the CONQUEST so versatile. Elegant and manoeuvrable, it is certainly a town car. Comfortable yet fast (it can do over 80!), it is a car for long distances through the country. It has spaciousness for family needs; its floor is flat and unobstructed from front to rear and there is luggage room to cope with week-ends and holidays.

### That Daimler fluid transmission

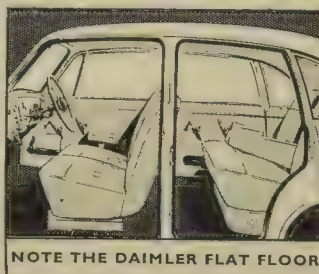
The CONQUEST has independent front wheel suspension that positively denies the existence of bad road surfaces and sharp bends. Above all, it has the famous

## THE PRIDE OF THE COUNTRY

and unique feature of fluid transmission, coupled with a pre-selector gearbox, and any Daimler owner will talk at length about that. Fluid transmission\* makes the engine a mere extension of one's will, ready to perform at a touch one's slightest wish.

### Test the 'CONQUEST'

May we suggest you call on your nearest Daimler dealer? A personal trial of the CONQUEST is the only really convincing test. But for the record, the principal technical features are as follows: Engine—6 cylinder O.H.V. —75 b.h.p. • Top speed 80 plus • Cruising speed 70



NOTE THE DAIMLER FLAT FLOOR

• Petrol consumption 23 m.p.g. (at constant 50 m.p.h.) • Fluid flywheel transmission and pre-selector gearbox • Automatic chassis lubrication • Girling brakes on 11" drums with area of 148 sq. ins.

\*Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler patents

A fully descriptive broadsheet is available free on request to the Daimler Co., Ltd., Bureau 10 Coventry.



BY APPOINTMENT  
The Daimler Co. Limited  
Motor Car Manufacturers  
to the late King George VI





THE FIRST RUSSIAN WARSHIP TO VISIT BRITISH WATERS FOR MANY YEARS: THE CRUISER *SVERDLOV*, DRESSED OVER ALL IN HONOUR OF THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S BIRTHDAY, AT HER ANCHORAGE FOR THE SPITHEAD REVIEW. ON HER PORT SIDE H.M.S. *INDOMITABLE*, WITH, NEXT BEYOND, *SVERDLOV*'S HOST SHIP, H.M.S. *SWIFTSURE*.



THE NEW RUSSIAN CRUISER *SVERDLOV*, AT HER SPITHEAD ANCHORAGE, FROM THE AIR. HER DISPLACEMENT BY RUSSIAN STANDARDS IS 12,800 TONS, BUT NEARER 14,800 BY BRITISH STANDARDS. SHE MOUNTS TWELVE 6-INCH GUNS IN TRIPLE TURRETS, WITH A SECONDARY ARMAMENT OF TWELVE DUAL-PURPOSE GUNS IN DOUBLE TURRETS.

**RUSSIA'S LATEST CRUISER, *SVERDLOV*—THE FIRST RUSSIAN WARSHIP TO VISIT BRITISH WATERS FOR MANY YEARS.**

Early on June 10 the new Russian cruiser *Sverdlov*—the first Russian warship to visit British waters for many years—took up her anchorage for the Spithead Review, between the French cruiser *Montcalm* and the Swedish cruiser *Göta Lejon*, and abreast of the Fleet aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Indomitable*. *Sverdlov* is the first sight this country has had of Russian post-war naval construction, and she has impressed all observers as a handsome ship. Her armament resembles that of H.M.S. *Belfast* (11,500 tons), but her secondary armament is stronger and she

mounts ten torpedoes against *Belfast*'s six. She carries a number of large, optical range-finders, including the type enclosed in armoured globes, like the former German "Hipper" class cruisers. Her design is thought to show marked German and Italian influences. A number of radar aerials are carried on both masts. Her captain, Captain (First Rank) I. O. Rudakov, went ashore soon after his arrival, and was received by Admiral Sir John Edelsten, Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, and he also visited the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth.





This air view of a section of the assembly of the Fleet at Spithead for the Coronation Review by her Majesty on June 15 was taken before the Review. The line farthest to the left is Line D, and the ships shown are (l. to r.) the "Daring" class ships (2610 tons) *Drooy*, *Defender*, *Duchess* and *Diamond*; the fast Minelayers *Apollo* and *Manxman* (2650 tons); the cruisers *Cleopatra* (5772 tons) and *Edie* (5770 tons), Flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir Henry McCall, Flag Officer Commanding Reserve Fleet; and the frigate *Reipole* (1470 tons), the training-ship

which acted as the Admiralty yacht. The centre line is Line E, and the ships shown are (l. to r.) the cruisers *Delhi* (ex-*Achilles*, 7030 tons), Indian Navy, the Flagship of Rear-Admiral N. V. Dickinson, Flag Officer (Flotillas), Indian Fleet; *Black Prince* (5900 tons), Royal New Zealand Navy; *Ontario* (ex-*Minotaur*, 8700 tons), Royal Canadian Navy; *Quebec* (ex-*Uganda*, 8000 tons), Flagship of Rear-Admiral R. E. S. Bidwell, Flag Officer Commanding the Canadian Coronation Squadron; *Superb* (8000 tons), *Sheffield* (9100 tons), *Swiftsure* (8000 tons) Flagship



#### CORONATION REVIEW AT SPITHEAD: AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS, CRUISERS, AND OTHER CRAFT.

of Rear-Admiral W. G. A. Robson, Flag Officer (Flotillas) Home Fleet; *Cambria* (8000 tons), wearing the flag of Rear-Admiral C. F. W. Norris, Flag Officer (Flotillas), Mediterranean Fleet; and *Glasgow* (9100 tons), Flagship of Admiral the Earl Mountbatten of Burma, C-in-C. Mediterranean Fleet. On the line on the right, Line F, are (l. to r.) the Light Fleet Carriers *Magnificent* (14,000 tons), Royal Canadian Navy; *Theseus* (13,350 tons); the Fleet Aircraft-carriers *Illustrious* (25,500 tons), Flagship of Vice-Admiral J. A. S. Eccles, Flag Officer Air (Home);

*Indefatigable* (26,000 tons); *Implacable* (26,000 tons), Flagship of Vice-Admiral J. F. Stevens, Flag Officer Training Squadron Home Fleet; *Indomitable* (23,500 tons); *Eagle* (36,800 tons), Flagship of Vice-Admiral J. Hughes-Hallett, Flag Officer Heavy Squadron, Home Fleet; and the battleship *Vanguard* (42,500 tons), Flagship of Sir George Creasy, C-in-C. Home Fleet and Senior Officer Afloat. A diagram of a typical British Aircraft-carrier appears on other pages. The liner *Mauretania* is moving to Southampton.

## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

CHELSEA 1953.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

CHELSEA Flower Show has a miraculous way of always running true to form. Each Chelsea, as it comes along, is pronounced the best ever—and probably is—in some respects, at any rate; and each year the R.H.S. perform the miracle of squeezing a few more quarts of splendour than last year into the pint-pot of the Hospital Gardens. The astonishing thing is that those additional quarts which are squeezed in each year never seem to suggest squeezing or overcrowding. The gangways remain wide and ample as ever. It is a pity, however, that so many of the exhibitors still persist in overcrowding their exhibits with far too many plants and flowers. They ram and cram so much material into their allotted space, that the general effect loses all charm, and the individual plants lose all individuality.

I spent one whole and two half-days questing about among those oceans of exhibits, and in the end felt convinced that I had not seen one-tenth of what I would liked to have examined. And I was there, mind you, as a privileged Press and committee-man, whilst the gangways remained wide open and relatively empty spaces, and before the 40,000 or so Fellows surged in for their "private" view.

Did you ever attend one of those super-circuses in which two full-sized circus rings are in full blast at the same time, whilst whole constellations of trapeze artists are swinging and swooping around in the upper stratosphere of the Big Top? For sheer bewilderment, that, on a small scale, is what Chelsea is like. To give here a reasonably brief, adequate, coherent account of Chelsea could not be done. So I won't try.

All I can offer are a few random and purely personal impressions, gathered during my somewhat unsystematic hitherings and thitherings from exhibit to exhibit, and from plant to plant. The big formal, and not-so-formal, gardens gave me, as a whole, the impression that they had been dressed for the occasion. They failed to convince me that there was much, if any, provision for mid- and late-summer flowers and interest, or for autumn colour. The outdoor rock-gardens, with their streams and pools and cascades, were very much as in former years, with nothing new, original or outstanding among them. Gentians, saxifrages, primulas and other Alpine plants made pretty pictures in their stony settings, and at one point, low down by a rock-pool in the forefront of the Old Welwyn Garden's rock-garden, there was a delightful patch of shingle, planted exclusively with true, dwarf High Alpines. In its way it was one of the best things in all Chelsea. A perfect close-up of Alpine foreground at 6000 or 7000 ft. in June. But alas! on almost all these rock-gardens, and on many of the little ones on tables in the big tent as well, true, legitimate Alpine and rock plants, and quite charming touches of Alpine grouping and planting were put out of countenance by the juxtaposition of utterly incongruous examples of florists'-shopperies—Kurume azaleas, gazanias, double daisies, fuchsias and other goodness-knows-whatteries. One can only feel sorry for Alpine plants when they have this sort of gaudy debauchery forced upon them. The two types of plant are so entirely distinct and different that mixing them in a rock-garden setting is about as unfortunate as sporting a morning coat and pinstripe trousers with brown boots and a straw boater.

Frank Barker's veteran specimen of *Daphne rupestris grandiflora* from Six Hills Nursery came to Chelsea as usual. Chelsea without that giant, close upon 2 ft. across, would not be Chelsea—for Alpine gardeners at any rate. But it was not quite so closely smothered with its fragrant, waxy-pink blossoms as usual.

On the rock exhibit from the Waterberry Horticultural School, I noticed, among such rarities as *Sisyrinchium odoratissimum* and *Calceolaria darwinii*, etc., a plant which I would have said became extinct twenty-five or more years ago. This was a snow-white form of *Viola gracilis*. It came to me many years ago from a Yorkshire garden, in which it had cropped up as a volunteer. At my friend Amos Perry's suggestion I named it *Viola gracilis* "Clarence Elliott," shortly after which all my plants of it started producing flowers horribly streaked with mauve. I scrapped and discarded the thing at once, as I hoped all other gardeners would. Not so. There it was at Chelsea this year, as immaculately pure as its name would suggest. A single specimen had recently been salvaged from a once-famous nursery, which was being bulldozed off the face of the earth. Let us hope that with the passing of the years this once wayward plant has finally settled down and grown out of that occasional touch of mauve.

I will not attempt to discuss the four superb exhibits founded upon azaleas and rhododendrons, with primulas, meconopsis and Solomon's Seal, etc., intervening. I refer to the groups put up by the R.H.S. from Wisley, and the ones from Exbury, Windsor Great Park, and Bodnant. Such exhibits must be seen to be believed, and even then belief is not easy.

L. R. Russell's great group of fuchsias seemed to me to be one of the finest and most attractive exhibits in the Show, and it had the merit of demonstrating the best way of cultivating these colourful and enchanting plants. On low tabling, a great collection of the best varieties was assembled. Grown as 4- and 5-ft. pyramids and standards, they were so spaced that each had room to exhibit its charms, and so well raised that one looked up at the myriads of flowers like dancing fairies with flying skirts, which is always the best view one can have of any fuchsias, or any gay stage dancer. But that was not all. From near the centre of the group there rose up a number of specimens, trained as almost unbranched cordons. They must have been 12 or 15 ft. tall, and they rose up and arched out and over the dwarfier standards and pyramids in the most graceful manner, each towering cordon behung from top to toe with hundreds of brilliant blossoms. A grand exhibit, well conceived and showing superb cultivation.

Among the "new and rare" plants, by far the most sensational was Major Dorrien Smith's huge specimen of *Puya chilensis*—sent up from Tresco Abbey. A massive flower-spike, standing 12 ft. or more tall, carrying hundreds of greenish-yellow blossoms. Another "new and rare" which attracted me greatly was Sutton's hybrid *Venidio-arctotis* "Sutton's Triumph" and I hope to return to this plant in a later article. The weather at, and before, Chelsea kept us all guessing and not a little anxious. But it kept the flowers cool, fresh, plump and gay, and for that one could be thankful.

And so home. I always find returning to the country and to my own garden, after several days in London and at Chelsea, just a shade sad-making. It is not that I feel discouraged at finding my own plants and flowers merely life-size instead of twice or thrice life-size, as so often happens at Chelsea. Far from it. I don't want gigantism in my garden, and I should find show standards of super-perfection intolerable.

No, the trouble about returning from Chelsea is that at that time of year—the loveliest time—Nature, the countryside, and everything in the garden matures at such a horrible rate. In the course of a few days the wallflowers, which were still at least tolerable, have become positively sordid; and so it is with endless other things, so that on first arriving home, the summer seems almost over. Fortunately one soon settles in again, and falls into step with Nature, the garden and all the countryside.

## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

NIGHTJARS NEED THE STARS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT is several weeks now since I renewed my acquaintance with the nightjars, but it was some days from first hearing their trilling that the opportunity came to try for a closer inspection. This was on an evening when the sky was clear and the full moon had risen early. Although the area they occupied was known, the characteristic ventriloquial scatter of their song demanded a little searching before the exact spot was found. Coming through a lane in the massed rhododendrons to a bracken-covered clearing, the trill came hard and jarring from a bare branch at the top of an oak-tree. Almost at that precise moment, the song ceased, and as I watched, the bird glided down, to be joined by its mate coming in over the rhododendrons, the two circling in a thrilling courtship display 2 ft. over my head. Thrilling and perhaps a little disconcerting, for this was the first time I had seen the full display and heard at such close quarters the clapping of the wings, ringing out like pistol shots just over my head. Although they feed on night-flying insects, caught with that short, widely-gaping beak, at that moment I could not be sure whether the display might not be aggressive, or how much damage even a short beak might inflict on a human head.

The circles widened, the male flying first normally then breaking into the typical gliding flight, with the wings held stiff and obliquely over the back and the tail depressed and fully spread. And every now and then he clapped his wings. Finally, the pair flew over a row of tall trees further down the hill, and that was the last I saw of them. Presumably they were off hunting their twilight meal. The clapping is produced by the wings being thrown, at full stretch, over the back, but there appears to be no contact between the wings. So far as I can see, although on this point there is still some doubt, the clap comes as the wings are brought down again, presumably by the feathers in contact with the air.

The thrill of that first evening, and the fact that the birds are located within five minutes' walk of my doorstep, made it irresistible that I should try for further observations, to settle, if possible, such questions as the mechanics of the clapping, and so on. As it transpired, the enquiry took an unexpected course. The next evening, I went into the wood just after sunset, twenty minutes earlier than the trilling had started the evening before. At half an hour after sunset came the preliminary calls of *ooic-ooic*, followed by a half-hour's trilling. That evening another nightjar was heard trilling to the north. The sky was clear, although the night was chilly. The next night, with a clear sky, although still chilly, a third nightjar opened up to the south, much earlier, just after sunset, in fact. Twenty minutes later the other two started up, and all three sang for some three-quarters of an hour from their respective times of starting. It was noticeable, however, that on these chilly nights, although the singing period was prolonged, there was no courtship activity, and I had only occasional glimpses of the hen. It was apparent, therefore, that meteorological conditions had a marked influence on the behaviour of the birds, and from then on my main attention was directed to correlating these with what I could see and hear of the birds.

After some further days, my diarised notes began to show that if the sky was completely overcast, there was virtually no song and usually no flight activity. At the most, there would come a few *ooic-ooic* from somewhere on the ground, and then complete silence and no sight of the birds at all. This held, whether the night was chilly or mild, humid or dry. Clearly, the sky was the major influence, for conversely, with a clear sky the night could be cold or warm, humid or dry, and the trilling went on for the usual half to three-quarters of an hour, and the birds were well in evidence on the wing. On the other hand, courtship display would not take place, even with a completely clear sky, unless the evening were mild.

This same linkage between the weather and their twilight activities was noted in a wide variety of other animals, in birds and bats especially. With a completely overcast sky, bats would be missing from their usual beat, although whether this was invariable I had not the time to note fully. With birds it was more obvious. Under the same conditions, their evensong was a mere shadow, and petered out feebly soon after sunset. With a clear sky, it went on for nearly an hour after sunset; and if the evening were mild, nightingales, blackbirds, thrushes, robins, woodlarks, woodcock, cuckoos, rooks and crows would be heard or seen on the wing for nearly the hour after sunset. The most significant thing was, however, the behaviour of the night-flying moths and beetles, illuminated by my electric torch. With the fully overcast sky, they remained near the ground, seldom rising to 6 ft., and if the evening were chilly as well, they kept to the undergrowth, flying mainly in short bursts, only to settle on the foliage. With a clear sky, even with a chill in the air, they rose to more than 6 ft. and remained on the wing; and with a warm, clear evening, one could watch them coming up from the herbage a half-hour after sunset and flying up mainly out of sight. In short, there was a clear correlation between their behaviour and the weather; and also between their behaviour and that of the nightjars that feed on them.

The picture was not always as clear-cut as that given here. There are the usual individual variations in the behaviour of the nightjars. One tended to start singing earlier than the others, and another did not sing for such long periods. Then there are day-to-day variations in the individuals themselves, the early singer sometimes starting later than the rest, or the short singer going on for a longer time. There was, however, an overall pattern, which could be linked closely with the weather, and with the behaviour of the insects. And always the one determining factor: the amount of cloud in the sky, to which temperature and humidity were subsidiary.

If I had any doubt at all about the accuracy of my observations; it was set at rest, with somewhat dramatic emphasis, on a particular evening, half-way through the period of observations. At a few minutes after sunset, with a heavily overcast sky—a full ten-tenths cloud—there were only the occasional notes of a blackbird and a robin. The air temperature was comfortable, but no more. The clouds were unbroken at the time when the last nightjar should have started trilling, and there was no sound or sight of any of them. Ten minutes later, a small break appeared in the clouds directly overhead. Five minutes later there was nine-tenths cloud, and five minutes after this it had cleared to five-tenths. At that point, two sets of three calls of *ooic* came from the first nightjar. Another five minutes later the cloud was down to three-tenths, and five minutes later still, a half-hour late according to his usual timetable, the first nightjar was trilling vigorously, and punctuating his song with occasional gliding and clapping flights, and continued so for over half an hour before going off to feed. Concurrently, as the sky was clearing, the moths and beetles were rising higher and higher, up from the undergrowth until the lowest of them was flying well above head height.

## HOW WE COVERED THE SPITHEAD REVIEW OF 100 YEARS AGO.



WHEN QUEEN VICTORIA REVIEWED THE FLEET 100 YEARS AGO. RIGHT FOREGROUND, THE 'ROYAL YACHT'; CENTRE, THE SCREW LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIPS *Duke of Wellington* and *Agamemnon*, WITH VESSELS OF THE "SCREW FLEET" AND THE "PADDLE-WHEEL SQUADRON."



"THE ROYAL BARGE HAVING BEEN LOWERED, HER MAJESTY AND THE PRINCE CONSORT, WITH THE YOUNG PRINCES, DESCENDED THE COMPANION AND IN A VERY FEW MINUTES WERE BROUGHT ALONGSIDE THE *Duke of Wellington*."



(UPPER AND LOWER.) THE NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD IN 1853: FRIGATES AND LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIPS OF THE SCREW, PADDLE AND SAILING FLEETS. UPPER, L. TO R.: *NERBUDDA* (12 GUNS), *SIDON* (22), *COMUS* (14), *PRINCE REGENT* (90), *LEOPARD* (BEHIND) (12), *ODIN* (16), *AGAMEMNON* (91); LOWER: *BANSHEE* (2), *DUKE OF WELLINGTON* (131), *HOGUE* (60) AND *EDINBURGH* (58); (BEHIND), *IMPERIEUSE* (50), *HIGHFLYER* (21), *LONDON* (90), *BLLENHEIM* (60), *AJAX* (58), *AMPHION* (34) AND *ENCOUNTER* (14).

Two months short of a hundred years ago—on August 20, 1853—we published a Special Spithead Naval Review Number with a panoramic supplement to record the visit of Queen Victoria and her Consort to the Navy, and from it we reproduce the pictures above. It was the first naval review of any magnitude since 1814, when the Prince Regent entertained the Allied Sovereigns with a demonstration at Spithead; and speaking of the 1853 Review, we wrote: "Compared with the present, how inefficient was the last fleet which was reviewed at Spithead! dependent upon wind and tide

for its movements, and by turns obeying—'The imperious tempest and impetuous seas'; it was a mere shadow, in comparison with the power of the present one." This Great Channel Fleet of 1853, wooden but very largely steam propelled, under its flagship the *Duke of Wellington* (131 guns), consisted of the Screw Fleet—six line-of-battle ships and seven frigates and corvettes; the Paddle-Wheel Squadron—seven frigates, etc., and two sloops; and the Sailing Squadron—three ships of the line. The whole force comprised 50 ships of in all 1151 guns, manned by 11,699 men and having a total tonnage of 56,071.



## THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

A WORD IN OUR EARS.

By J. C. TREWIN.



WILLIAM ARCHER, writing in 1882, felt obliged to say a word or so about the language of the theatre. He was worried by "the vulgarity which seems to me such a prominent characteristic of the modern English drama," and (no doubt blushing a little) he proceeded to explain why. Thus: "The use of the word 'fellow' jars upon my ear so much that I unhesitatingly call it vulgar." And again—now discussing a play called "Ruth's Romance"—"Ruth, who is supposed to be a young lady of the utmost refinement, makes use of the word 'sweethearts' in speaking of herself and Jack Dudley, whom she has just promised to marry. . . . I admit that 'sweetheart' is a good old English word, even a pretty and poetical word; yet I think the custom of the language has confined its use to children and to bucolic couples of the Jenny and Jessamy type."

Archer went further. Somebody in Frederick W. Broughton's play, "Withered Leaves," used the expression: "That's his young woman," which the critic found "unquestionably objectionable." And then a young man introduced his friend to his father and stepmother in the following terms: "A very average Christian, a rattling good scholar, and the perfection of a gentleman"—a thorough proof, said Archer frigidly, that Tom "is not the perfection of a gentleman." Indeed, Mr. Broughton's language offended the critic. It seemed at times to "conflict with the most rudimentary idea of manly courtesy and womanly modesty." (Archer adds—and we can only suppose it to be fortunate—that he had not met several of the dramatist's other works, among them "Years Ago," "A Debt of Honour," "A Labour of Love," "Eyes and Hearts" and "The Finger of Fate.")

Certainly, if we are to credit Archer, who was very serious about these things, it must have been an alarming experience to enter the theatre of 1882. He observed, of George R. Sims's young men: "The tone of their conversation reminds me of the music-hall, or, at highest, of the Gaiety bar." No doubt Archer, who was to be a distinguished drama critic for some four decades after this, grew more tolerant with the years; otherwise he would have had several difficult nights. Standards of stage language have changed astonishingly. It is only thirty years since a drama critic was writing (as sorrowfully as Archer in the 'eighties): "'Go to hell' may apparently be spoken with impunity on any stage. Last season I heard it in many plays. . . . In 'Brown Sugar' it was put in the mouth of that charming flapper-actress, Edna Best, from whose pretty lips it sounded doubly 'shocking.'"

I had been reading Archer on the day before hearing "Guys and Dolls" at the Coliseum. What the critic of 1882 would have felt about this piece I cannot begin to imagine: maybe it would have had to be inscribed (in the most genteel fashion) upon asbestos. First, he would have deemed the title incomprehensible; and he would hardly have dared to consider such a phrase as: "If a guy enters a restaurant, it looks nice if he has a doll behind him." The names on the cast-list assault eye and ear. Who are Nicely-Nicely Johnson, Harry the Horse, Angie the Ox, Liver Lips Louie, and Society Max? What can be the meaning of such songs as "Take Back Your Mink," "Sit Down, You're Rockin' the Boat" and "Marry the Man To-day"? And what is the "crap game" around which so much of the action hovers?

A new generation of playgoers is used to the line of fizzing American "musicals." It has been speaking the American language for years. It is versed in its Runyon. The use of the word "fellow" would not jar upon its ear. And the "unquestionably objectionable 'young woman'" is now the briefer "doll"—a development that would interest Archer as the first English translator of "A Doll's House."

This has taken time to reach the point, which is simply that "Guys and Dolls," shouting at us brassily, is a cheerful entertainment for anyone with a useful smattering of American, who is not bemused by the odd Runyon idiom, a kind of prim slang. The "book" is adapted by Jo Swerling and Abe Burrows, whose work might have been called—in the Frederick W. Broughton vein—either "A Labour of Love" or "Eyes and Hearts." But the laurel belongs, I think, to Frank Loesser, whose neatly complicated lyrics fit his tingling tunes. At the première, Lizbeth Webb, the English singer, had the night's personal success; but her American colleagues know all about the piece, and by now they are probably projecting it so clearly that the little grenades of the dialogue explode in the gallery, and at the back of the stalls and circle, as well as in those acres of the Coliseum's great prairie within a day's march of the stage.

The dialogue of "Dr. John Bull," at the Boltons, was mock-turtle first-Elizabethan, spoken bravely by a variety of persons, the Queen herself, Froisher, Raleigh, and a disconcerting Shakespeare. None of these portentous guys and dolls appealed to the ear. One might say the same of Sacha Guitry's monologue with interruptions, "Ecoutez Bien, Messieurs" (Winter Garden), in which, for all the suavity of its actor-dramatist, one appeared to be eavesdropping at some private ritual.

Last, the farcical comedy of "The Taming of the Shrew" at Stratford-upon-Avon. Shakespeare has words for our ear, though nobody would call the "Shrew" poetic. Whatever Archer would have thought about some of the language ("Sweet wench," "Ay, by gogs-wouns," and so on), he would probably have applauded Yvonne Mitchell and Marius Goring for an intelligent approach—less of a flailing whirlwind than usual—to the young woman of Padua and her fellow.

## OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "DR. JOHN BULL" (Boltons).—I fear, a tragedy of good intentions. (June 3.)  
 "ECOUTEZ BIEN, MESSIEURS" (Winter Garden).—Sacha Guitry in his own frivol. (June 4.)  
 "BLOOD WEDDING" (Sadler's Wells).—A vigorous dance-drama, based on Lorca's play. (June 5.)  
 "ALCESTE" (Glyndebourne).—The season opens with Gluck's opera for connoisseurs. (June 6.)  
 "GLORIANA" (Covent Garden).—Benjamin Britten's exciting score in this opera of the first Elizabeth. (June 8.)  
 "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—A gentler revival than usual, produced with imagination by George Devine. (June 9.)



## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

BIGGER AND WORSE.

By ALAN DENT.



THIS business of increasing the size of the cinema screen I can only regard as deplorable. The tendency has begun in Leicester Square which, so far as films go, might excusably be regarded as the London hub of the organism, since it has a major cinema on three of its four sides, no theatre whatsoever, and an ironic statue of William Shakespeare in the middle of it.

Let us go round this endeared little London square and note the effects of the innovation. At the Odeon (on the site of the old Alhambra) there is a musical film in which Ezio Pinza can be heard singing as Moussorgsky's Boris Godunov and as Gounod's Mephistopheles, Tamara Toumanova can be seen dancing as a dying swan to the music of Saint-Saëns, and Isaac Stern can be watched fiddling *morceaux* of Sarasate and Wieniawski. The film is called "To-night We Sing," and the string holding these and other performing pearls together is the sad little story of an impresario—apparently actual—called Sol Hurok, who was so busily engaged in booking concert-tours for world-famous artists that he tended to neglect his ever-loving wife. Ezio Pinza, you see, represents the great Chaliapin, Toumanova is none other than Pavlova, and Mr. Stern, we are asked to believe, is the split image of the celebrated Ysaye.

Of these impersonations I would only say that the first two are extremely creditable, but that Mr. Stern as Ysaye scarcely moves me as Ysaye moved the late Arthur Symons: "You see the music in the great black figure, that sways like a python; in the eyes that blink, and seem about to shed luxurious tears; the face like an actor's mask, enigmatic, quivering with emotion, listening to the sounds as they float up, a mask moulded into the shape of sound. The lips suck up music voluptuously: so the faun played on his pipe in the forests, when the wine of Bacchus had maddened him to a soft ecstasy." And so on, and so on.

Mr. Stern will move no one to any such ninetyish and nonsensical ecstasy. He is a deft fiddler, with a pendulous lower lip and an air of being anxious to please. But he is hardly enigmatic, and there is certainly nothing luxurious or voluptuous about his virtuosity, which seems to my ear to be nothing more than that of a highly skilled technician. Mr. Stern's Ysaye is therefore a comparative failure, while Mr. Pinza and Miss Toumanova are comparative successes in suggesting both the accomplishment and the capricious but, on the whole, good-hearted behaviour of Chaliapin and Pavlova.

In this case the sole effect—and it is a disadvantageous effect—of the enlarged screen is that it makes us almost embarrassingly aware of the shoddiness of grand-opera production (in the second act of Gounod's "Faust" particularly) and of the physical effort involved in first-rate singing and dancing and violin-playing. It is exactly as though one were watching these performers through a pair of preternaturally high-powered opera-glasses. The result is—to put it mildly and say no more—disillusioning.

At the Empire is a highly conscientious rather than inspired film called "Young Bess," which purports to give us the girlhood of Elizabeth Tudor up to the day of her accession. History is not one of my stronger points, but I cannot but feel a shade dissatisfied with a film on this subject which practically ignores the existence of Elizabeth's predecessor and half-sister, the hapless and bigoted Mary, except to say that she had just died, leaving the throne of England vacant for Elizabeth. I do not say that history in this film is anywhere wrong: I merely say it has its gaps.

As interesting as anybody else in this film is the boy-king Edward VI., Elizabeth's half-brother, who died at the age of fifteen and whom Master Rex Thompson makes quite a healthy lad with an excellent appetite. Yet a good, reliable history-book that has stayed (and is seldom opened) on my shelves since my schoolboyhood assures me that Edward was sickly all along and that he died "probably from the effect of quack nostrums on a consumptive frame." And might not the film have mentioned the one worthy benefaction of his short reign, the foundation of the school of Christ's Hospital? Quite my favourite historian, the late Herbert Farjeon, says all that need be said of King Edward VI. in that lovely volume, "Kings and Queens," of which I must have given away more copies than any other godfather in existence:

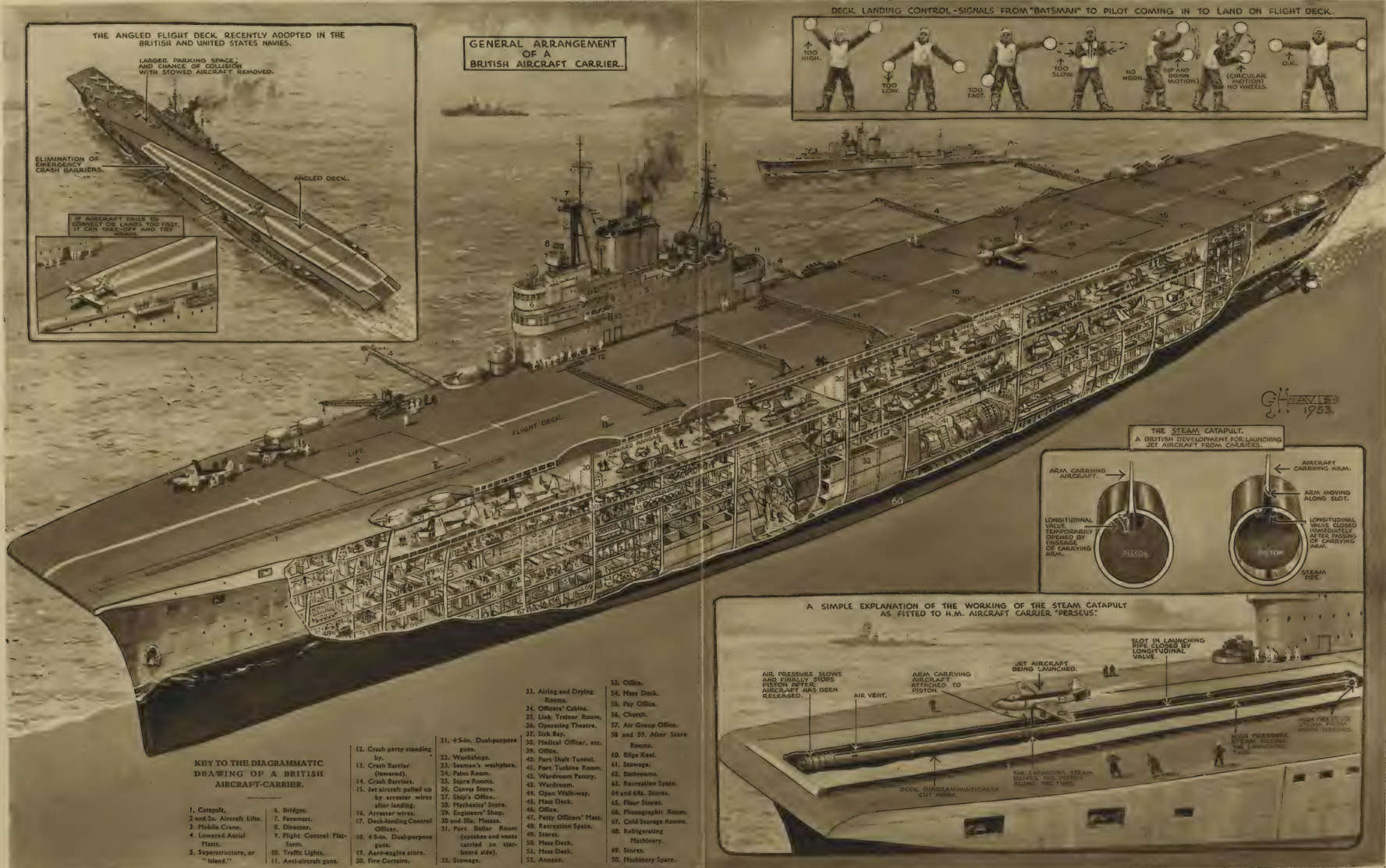
Edward the Sixth made little noise,  
 And died ere he was old;  
 He loved books better than his toys,  
 Or so I have been told;  
 And all through him the Bluecoat Boys  
 Still go in legs of gold.

Master Thompson, for me, captures more than his share of the interest in "Young Bess," because he is small enough to be tolerable. All the grown-ups, including Jean Simmons as Elizabeth and Stewart Granger as her guardian and uncle, Thomas Seymour—for whom the more scandal-loving historians say she harboured a guilty infatuation—are larger than life. (It need hardly be said, in parenthesis, that this film's makers surpass the most scandal-loving historians.) And Charles Laughton's Henry VIII. is so much larger than life as to be almost alarming.

Quite strongly I feel that I should require to see this film on a more normal-sized screen to judge its acting properly. Even so, and making all possible allowances, it seems to me that neither Miss Simmons nor Mr. Granger has ever before displayed so much acting talent. The only trouble about the display is that one does not, literally, know where to look—the screen seeming to be about 50 per cent. wider than the normal!

At the Leicester Square Theatre, on the other hand, the screen has been very little, if at all, enlarged, and the result is that one can enjoy the new comedy from Pinewood Studios called "Genevieve" in perfect comfort, without any craning of the neck, astigmatism, embarrassment due to over-proximity, or any species of discomfort except such as may be occasioned by excess of laughter. This is a simple but extremely engaging little comedy about two young men (John Gregson and Kenneth More) who adore traipsing down to Brighton in decrepit and primitive motor-cars, and about their womenfolk (Dinah Sheridan and Kay Kendall), who don't! It is natural, jolly, and witty, and its pace is vastly quicker and smoother than that of *Genevieve*, which is the pet-name given to a Darracq first constructed the year before I was born. It is beautifully acted and directed, and I shall eagerly see it all over again, especially for the sly look Mr. More has on his visage when he says of his rival, Mr. Gregson, that he is "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own velocity," thereby going one better than Disraeli did on Gladstone.

All three of these films, by the way, are made in Technicolor, which seems to have come to stay. I should hate to declare, or opine, that the same might be said of the bigger and wider screen.



# THE "CAPITAL SHIP" OF A MODERN BATTLE FLEET: A DRAWING OF A TYPICAL BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER, SHOWING THE GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS BETWEEN DECKS, AND TWO BRITISH INNOVATIONS.

For centuries the essential rôle of various types of fighting ships in the Royal Navy remained unchanged. Design changed as sail gave place to steam and the weight of armour and gunpower was increased, but the intrinsic composition of the Fleet did not alter. In recent years, however, the composition of a Battle Fleet has been revolutionised by one factor—aircraft. Some eight years after Orville Wright had made his successful flights at Kitty Hawk, N.C., in 1903, an aeroplane was successfully launched from a ship, and in just over forty years from that event the aircraft-ship has grown from a lowly "Fleet attendant" to the mighty Carrier which provides the striking power of a modern Battle Fleet. These large ships are vulnerable to attack from air and sea, but the weapons they carry and can launch

from their decks have far longer range and are more deadly than the heaviest shell fired from the biggest gun carried by a battleship. To-day the battleship retains a place in the Fleet, but the great era of this type of warship has passed for ever. In another forty years, the big aircraft-carriers may have given place in turn to small, very fast, guided-missile launchers and may be represented at a future review by a single ship, just as *Vanguard* was the sole representative of her type of warship at the Coronation Review. Though British carriers differ in size from the large vessels, such as *Ark Royal* and *Eagle* (each of 36,800 tons displacement), to the Light Carriers of about 12,000 tons displacement, the arrangement between decks follows a more or less general design. Naturally there are some differences,

but in essence all carriers are nothing more or less than a highly compact floating air station. In our drawing we do not depict any particular type, but have cut away the port side to show the general arrangement. Below the steel flight-deck are the hangars for the aircraft, sub-divided by bulkheads and fireproof curtains. (Under these hangars one finds the crew's accommodation, mess-decks, recreation spaces, etc. In addition, packed inside the hull, are the rooms for the many and varied stores, bunkers for the oil fuel for the boiler furnaces, paraffin and petrol for the aircraft, office accommodation, training quarters, the operating theatre and sick bay, the church, lecture-rooms and workshops. The uptakes and vents from the boilers are carried to the starboard side, and powerful geared steam

turbines give the ships a speed of some 25 knots. Two recent British innovations to facilitate the launching and landing of jet aircraft are also illustrated. The steam catapult has now been thoroughly tested in the aircraft-carrier *Perseus*, and is shown in simple diagrammatic form to illustrate the principle on which it works. The second innovation is the angled deck, which involves marking out the flight-deck so that aircraft can land at an angle of approximately eight degrees to the fore-and-aft line. This has several advantages and allows a jet aircraft that has either failed to connect with an arrestor wire or has come in too fast or too high, to fly on and take off over the port side for another attempt. This makes the crash or safety barriers now fitted unnecessary.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A.



"THE QUEEN'S SHIPS"—THE ROYAL NAVY OF TO-DAY DISPLAYED IN A SINGLE PANORAMA, WHICH SHOWS ALL THE PRINCIPAL FIGHTING CRAFT WHICH KEEP THE MOAT OF BRITAIN,

Since the days before the war the composition of the Royal Navy has changed very considerably to meet the altered conditions brought about by the developments of aerial and submarine warfare. To-day the capital ships are the aircraft-carriers, with battleships taking a second and diminishing place—a development reflected in "Jane's Fighting Ships," where the aircraft-carriers now have pride of place. The Navy has now only five battleships—*Vanguard* and the four of the "George V." class. The frigate, which was such an important ship in Nelson's day, has had a return to favour and appears now to be superseding the destroyer. The submarine is also undergoing changes in design and propulsive power—and in a number of small trial vessels turbo-jet engines are being tested. It is several years since changes were last built for the Navy, although a considerable number of these very useful craft are still in commission, though inferior in size to the heavy cruisers of the U.S. Navy. Our drawing shows the present principal vessels of the Royal Navy, especially the fighting ships, but a multitude of small vessels are of necessity omitted. In the foreground are the new fast frigates of the "R," "W" and "V" classes, former destroyers which have been modified to give better sea-keeping qualities, chiefly by the addition of higher freeboards, mainly built up of lightweight aluminium alloy. This class of ship is lightly armed as regards actual gun-power but carries "Squids," a deadly anti-submarine weapon, and all the latest devices for locating and

destroying submarines. Although many frigates in service are converted destroyers, several new and experimental types of frigate are being specially built. Also seen in the front of the drawing are the latest and, in the opinion of some experts, the last of the long line of British destroyers, the "Daring" class. These are the largest destroyers ever built for the British Navy, each having a displacement of 2610 tons (3700 tons full load)—almost, in fact, reaching the small-cruiser class. Their anomalous nature is perhaps reflected in the fact that it was recently announced that they would no longer be referred to as "destroyers," but would form a separate category called "Darings," in much the same way that the Dreadnaughts got their name before the 1914-18 war. These magnificent (if rather ugly) boats have the fore-funnel actually inside the forward lattice mast—like the earlier and smaller "Weapon" class. Next in line are shown the battleships, but only the magnificent *Vanguard*, of 42,500 tons displacement, is actually in full commission, the four ships of the "King George V." class being "cocooned" and in reserve. Next, in the prominence they deserve, are the Fleet Aircraft-Carriers, led by the recently-completed 36,800-ton *Eagle*, the largest British aircraft-carrier ever built, whose sister-ship, *Ark Royal*, is now nearing completion. Other ships of the Fleet Aircraft-Carrier class include the two "Implacables" (*Implacable* and *Indefatigable*), both of 26,000 tons; the single *Indomitable*, of 23,500 tons, and the three ships of the

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

AND SOME OF THE INNUMERABLE AUXILIARIES NECESSARY TO MAINTAIN A MODERN NAVY IN ACTION—A COMPREHENSIVE DISPLAY ILLUSTRATING CHANGES OF COMPOSITION.

"*Illustrious*" class, of 23,000 tons displacement. Behind them are the lines of the smaller Light Aircraft-Carriers, including the three ships of the "Hercules" class (14,000 tons), the six ships of the "Glory" class (13,190 to 13,350 tons), *Perseus* (12,265 tons), *Unicorn* (14,750 tons), and finally the Escort Ferry Carrier *Campania* (12,450 tons). Behind these ships and to the right of the drawing are also included the four ships of the "Hermes" class. These are the latest Light Aircraft-Carriers, and although their construction has been delayed for the addition of improvements, all are now complete or approaching completion, and they have been included, as all (with the exception of *Hermes*) will soon be in full commission. *Hermes* was launched on February 16, 1953. Of the cruisers, the last built was *Superb* (8000 tons), completed in November 1945; (all designed to 8000 tons). The smaller ships of the "Dido" and "Modified Dido" classes (between 5500 and 6000 tons) are joined by the pre-war *Belfast* and *Liverpool*, both large ships, *Belfast* being of 11,550 tons, while *Liverpool* is approximately the same size as the four "Newcastle" class, all of 9100 to 9400 tons. Finally, there are two survivors of the "10,000-tonners" in *Cumberland*, now a Trials cruiser, and *Devonshire*, now used for cadet-training. In the right background can be seen the fast minelayers of the "Manxman" class of 2650 tons, and

ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A.

our two monitors, *Roberts* and *Abercrombie*. In between the lines of larger ships can be seen the multitude of destroyers, frigates and converted corvettes. Of the submarine fleet may be remarked many boats which are being modernised, and there are shown 15 "A" class, 21 "T" class and 17 "S" class, with the four remaining "XE" midget submarines. Of minesweepers there are 62 of the "Algerine" class, with half-a-dozen new minesweepers building. In addition there are about 40 minelayers and trawlers and a considerable number of smaller motor vessels, motor torpedo-boats, motor-launches, minesweeping launches and small experimental craft. Then added to these actual fighting craft there is the great fleet of auxiliaries of all kinds, such as Repair Ships, Tankers, Supply Ships, Boom Defence Vessels (some 87 of these) and a host of others from water-carriers to tugs and many landing vessels of various types. In addition, it is interesting to note that the Royal Yacht, now being completed at Clydebank, has been designed for easy conversion into a medium-sized hospital ship in emergency. Many of all these vessels are, of course, in reserve and laid up in various harbours, but they are kept in good trim and could be quickly got ready should an emergency arise; and one of the greatest weapons of a modern navy is not shown in this drawing—the "Navy that flies"—the whole host of naval aircraft—from jet-fighters, long-range reconnaissance aircraft, torpedo-carriers and the rest—all fully equipped to wage war, especially against a submarine foe.



### THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE ROYAL NAVY: SOME PRESENT-DAY VESSELS TYPICAL OF THOSE WHICH ARE BEING DEVELOPED TO MEET THE CONDITIONS OF MODERN WARFARE.

As a result of experience gained in two World Wars, there is a great difference in the composition of the Royal Navy of 1953 compared with that of 1914, with its vast array of battleships. Now we are in the era of large—and ever growing larger—aircraft-carriers and numerous small craft which are mostly connected with submarine and anti-submarine warfare, minelaying and mine-sweeping, radar and the various branches of wireless telegraphy. To-day the battleship has so shrunk in importance in the Royal Navy that at the Coronation Review we had but a single big-gun vessel, which was our latest, and perhaps our last, battleship, H.M.S. Vanguard. The vital part played by aircraft in modern naval warfare is reflected in the ever-increasing importance of aircraft-carriers; these great "flat-tops" are now divided into two classes, of which typical examples are illustrated on these pages. It is now some years since the new cruiser has been

added to the Fleet, the older ships in commission apparently being sufficient for our needs. The vessel which has increased in numbers, more remarkably than any other type, is the frigate. These handy vessels played a very important rôle in convoy and anti-submarine work in the last war, and in peacetime are showing the White Ensign in all the seas of the world. To this class is now being added another type of fast frigate, virtually destroyers which have been given higher freeboard of light aluminium alloy to increase their sea-keeping qualities and fitted with new anti-submarine devices. These are now known as Fast Anti-Submarine Frigates, and no doubt will develop rapidly and, in due course, may even supersede the destroyer. In fact, many experts are of the opinion that the new big *Daring* Class destroyers (3500 to 3700 tons full load) may possibly be the last of the long line of destroyers which have been a feature of the British Navy

for over half a century. The submarine is being re-designed and research undertaken to increase its underwater speed, which has already been improved by the invention of the *Schnorkel* device in recent years, and the boats have been remodelled to make them more streamlined. The experiments being undertaken here and in the United States with new fuels and propulsion machinery are naturally very secret, but they may well result in a development as important as that of the *Schnorkel*. Another feature of our present-day Navy is the development of motor-boats for many important duties, and the Motor Torpedo Boat has become an important weapon of offense. Both the British and Americans are pushing ahead energetically with the development of gas-turbine engines as propulsion units for these boats. The development of radar has led to the provision of a special Radar Personnel Training Ship, and in addition to the development of

landing craft of all kinds there is a large increase in mining craft, from the big and speedy layers right down to small motor-boats. There has been equal progress in the production of "sweepers," some sixty-five coastal and inshore minesweepers of a new design being in various stages of construction; also trawlers and even those humble but necessary vessels, the Net layers; while Boom Defence Vessels and so on have increased enormously both in numbers and importance. Behind a screen of secrecy the Navy is developing a number of new types which may prove yet again that the skill and ingenuity of our designers and constructors are equal to new tasks. Two fairly recent developments, among others, are the steam catapult and the angled deck of aircraft-carriers; and, more recently, the work of under-sea signalling and atomic power for submarines. Work on guided weapons is also being closely studied, and mine counter-measures are being developed.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A.



RIDING ALONE AT THE HEAD OF THE CAVALCADE : THE QUEEN, COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE SEVEN REGIMENTS OF THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE, ON HER WAY TO TAKE THE SALUTE AT HER BIRTHDAY PARADE.

The Queen's Birthday Parade and Trooping the Colour ceremony took place on her Majesty's official birthday, June 11; and once more provided London with one of the most impressive of military displays, to which romance is added by the fact that the central figure is our young Queen, mounted and in the uniform of the Colonel-in-Chief of a Guards Regiment, which she wears with Royal dignity and grace. Her Majesty, in her scarlet tunic and dark-blue habit skirt, the white plume of the Grenadiers in her tricorne hat and the Ribbon of the Garter across

her tunic, was mounted on the police horse *Winston*, which has carried her in previous years at the ceremony; a brave figure as she rode at the head of the cavalcade of high-ranking Army officers to Horse Guards, with her Consort, the Duke of Edinburgh, in the full dress uniform of a Field Marshal and carrying a bâton, and her uncle the Duke of Gloucester, in the uniform of Colonel of the Scots Guards, immediately behind her. Huge crowds had assembled to watch the procession and to cheer her Majesty.



THE CEREMONY OF TROOPING THE COLOUR ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE ON JUNE 11, THE QUEEN'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY : HER MAJESTY, MOUNTED, IS SEEN ON THE LEFT, IN FRONT OF THE HORSE GUARDS ARCH.

For Coronation Year, for the first time since the war, there were eight guards in line at the Birthday Parade and Trooping the Colour on Horse Guards Parade on her Majesty's official birthday, June 11, making a massive effect which could not be achieved by the five guards of last year. The troops on parade, under the command of Colonel T. F. C. Winnington, Grenadier Guards (Field Officer-in-Brigade Waiting), received the Queen with a Royal Salute, and after the inspection, the Colour was trooped. The Queen, who is seen, mounted, on the

left, in front of the Horse Guards Arch, wore the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of The Grenadiers, the regiment whose 1st Battalion Colour was trooped. This Colour was the new Queen's Colour presented, with a new Regimental Colour, by the Queen in person at Buckingham Palace some few weeks ago. The ceremony culminated with the taking of the salute by the Queen, and the forming-up of the parade, which her Majesty led back to Buckingham Palace. There, from a position outside the central gateway, she took the salute at a march-past.



THE QUEEN AT THE BIRTHDAY PARADE: HER MAJESTY, MOUNTED AND WEARING THE UNIFORM OF COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS, TURNING TO LOOK AT THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

On other pages of this issue we give photographs of the great military ceremony of the Birthday Parade and Trooping the Colour held on her Majesty's official Birthday, June 11, which illustrate the intensely impressive aspects of the historic scene. On this page we give a photograph with a pleasantly human touch. It was taken on Horse Guards Parade just before her Majesty took the salute at the close of the ceremony, and shows her glancing quickly back towards her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, who, with the Duke of Gloucester, rode after

her down the Mall, and then took up a position behind her after the inspection. He wore the full dress of a Field Marshal and carried a bâton. His horse had been a trifle restive during the procession down the Mall, but he successfully mastered it. The Parade was watched by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and other Royal ladies, and by the Queen's children, from windows in the Horse Guards building. They also appeared later, with the Queen, on Buckingham Palace Balcony to watch the fly-past by Canberra bombers.

# CORONATION DRIVES: HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN S.-E. AND S.-W. LONDON.



"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN": CHEERING CHILDREN GREET HER MAJESTY WITH A LOYAL WELCOME AS THE ROYAL CAR DRIVES THROUGH BATTERSEA.



SMILINGLY ACKNOWLEDGING THE ACCLAMATION OF THE CROWDS LINING THE ROUTE: THE QUEEN LEAVING BERMONDSEY TOWN HALL ON JUNE 8.



THE QUEEN RECEIVES SOME FLOWERS FROM A SMALL BOY: THE SCENE IN DULWICH AS PATIENTS AND STAFF OF KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL CHEERED THE ROYAL VISITORS.



THE TOUR OF SOUTH-EAST LONDON ON JUNE 8: CHEERING CROWDS GREETING THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN DEPTFORD HIGH STREET.

On June 8 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh made their third Coronation drive in the London area. This time their route traversed south-east London, and the people of Lambeth, Walworth, Peckham, Lewisham, Catford, Greenwich, Deptford, Bermondsey, and Southwark were out in their thousands to cheer the occupants of the Royal car. In Bermondsey the Mayors were presented to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh by Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, the Home Secretary. As the Royal car passed beneath a railway bridge in Rotherhithe a train



A CHILD PATIENT FROM ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL PRESENTS A BOUQUET TO THE QUEEN: THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL AT THE EASTERN END OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

happened to be standing on the bridge and the engine-driver sounded his whistle in greeting. On June 9, when the Queen made her fourth and last Coronation tour, the weather was at last kinder and the sun was shining. The route of the final tour was through the south-western boroughs and a halt was made at Wandsworth Town Hall, where the Mayors, Mayoresses and Town Clerks of Wandsworth, Battersea, Camberwell and Lambeth were presented to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh by the Home Secretary.

## THE CORONATION ROYAL TOURNAMENT: HER MAJESTY AT EARLS COURT.



PRESENTED BY THE R.A.F. MAINTENANCE COMMAND: A PAGEANT OF PROGRESS IN SERVICE AVIATION—A HURRICANE FIGHTER OF 1940 IN THE ARENA.

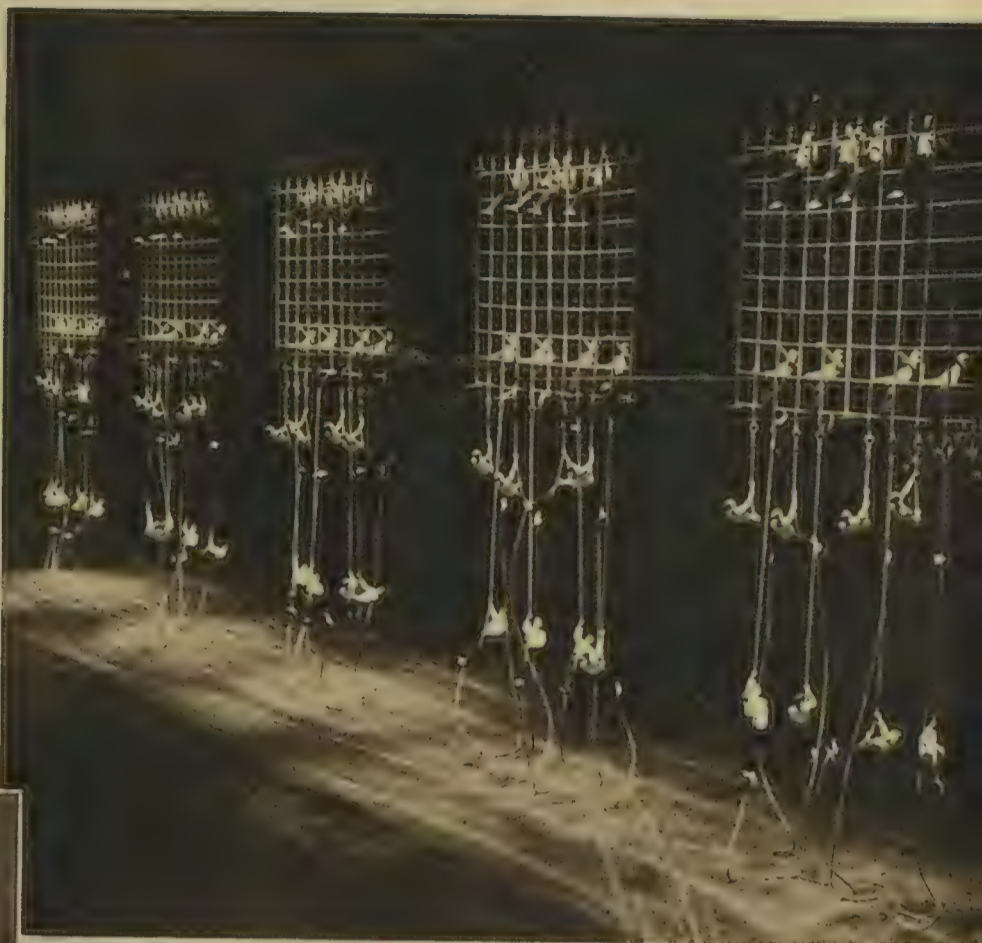


THE FINALE OF THE DISPLAY BY THE COMBINED WOMEN'S SERVICES, WITH BANDS OF THE W.R.A.C. AND W.R.A.F.: SERVICE WOMEN FORMING THE ROYAL CIPHER.



ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE DISPLAYS AT EARLS COURT: THE MUSICAL RIDE BY THE CORONATION CONTINGENT OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE.

H.M. the Queen attended the opening of the 63rd Royal Tournament at Earls Court on June 10, accompanied by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh who celebrated his thirty-second birthday on that day. This year's Tournament, which is being held twice daily, until June 27, is enhanced by the presence of some contingents of Commonwealth troops in this country for the Coronation. One of the ever-popular features, the Musical Ride, is performed this year by thirty-two non-Commissioned



PERFORMED 50 FT. ABOVE THE ARENA: THE WINDOW LADDER AND ROPE-CLIMBING DISPLAY BY MEN OF THE ROYAL NAVY AND ROYAL MARINES.



ARRIVING AT EARLS COURT FOR THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT ON JUNE 10: H.M. THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY MAJOR-GENERAL J. A. GASCOIGNE, AND H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WEARING NAVAL UNIFORM (LEFT).

Officers and Constables of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who, until their visit to England, were doing the regular police work of the Force in all parts of Canada. New events this year, in addition to many of the favourite items without which no Royal Tournament would seem complete, include a Jeep Assembly Display by the Royal Mechanical and Electrical Engineers, and a Pageant of Progress in Service Aviation by the Royal Air Force Maintenance Command.

## MR. AMERY'S LIFE: THE FIRST PHASE.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.\*

WHETHER as public man or as mountaineer, Mr. Leopold Amery has never been lacking in pluck, energy or dogged persistence. In his eightieth year he has launched, not a single retrospective volume, as is the custom of modern politicians in "the evening of their days," but the first bulky instalment of what he hopes will be a three-volume account of what he has seen, done, opposed and advocated in the world of affairs. The experiences of his extra-political life—and he has been an indefatigable traveller, climber and ski-er—he has already set down in two former books. Judging by the zeal, industry and vivacity which mark the present instalment, there can be little doubt that he will proceed with unflagging ardour through a projected second, which is to carry us from 1914 to 1931, and a third which "if I have time to write it, will cover the great depression of 1931 and our substantial, but still only partial recovery, thanks to the belated adoption of a moderate protective tariff and to the Ottawa Agreements; the controversy over Indian constitutional reform; the folly of half-hearted sanctions over Abyssinia, driving Mussolini into Hitler's arms; the fatal defeatism of Munich, and the final drift into a Second World War. It will tell the story of my five years as a member of Mr. Churchill's great War Ministry, of the part played by India in the war, and of my efforts towards a solution of India's constitutional problem. What else I may have to say of the course of events after the war I must decide when I come to conclude my story."

I can't help thinking that, when he comes to "conclude his story," more hopes will beckon, or more disasters threaten, which will (to his thinking) simply oblige him to undertake a fourth volume. That generation at Harrow—Sir Winston Churchill, K.G., O.M., was slightly junior in age to Mr. Amery there, and greatly below him in school status, and once shoved Mr. Amery into the swimming-bath with well-earned and drastic results—seems to have been simply bursting with vigour. I am frequently in contact with one of them, even senior to these two eminent men, who has also served the Empire in the field and elsewhere in humbler capacities than theirs, and whose bloom and muscle make me feel like a typical representative of Shakespeare's Seventh Age of Man—perhaps not "lean," but certainly a "slipped pantaloons," frail, game-legged, hard of hearing and almost sightless. That "Forty Years On" song of theirs puts altogether too short a term to their development. "Forty Years On" they are just breaking out of adolescence into maturity. It should be amended to "Sixty Years On" at least; and "Back to Methuselah" should be the School Device.

It is at this point, I think, that I may pertinently add a word on behalf of Mr. Amery's less vigorous juniors. I think that, in certain parts of his book, he has had the energy to write rather more than they may have the energy to read. People of my generation can remember the terrific turmoils about the Boer War and the Settlement, the Tariff Controversy and the Tariff Reform League, the strife about National Service and the German Danger, and the Irish Problem which brought us almost to the edge of Civil War. We remember Joe Chamberlain, paralysed at the last, fighting for the new conception of a Commonwealth. We remember Asquith and his party (then, alas, including Winston Churchill) surrendering the valuable delaying-action of the House of Lords at the dictation of eighty Irish Nationalists, in order that certain measures should be supported by those Nationalists, the like of which, in their own country, they would not have supported. We remember the Boer War (which most of us, in our youth, detested) resulting in handing over the British part of South Africa to the Boers, who are now in control—or, at least, in apparent control; for, if another world conflict arises, those few millions will have to lean upon us at the last. We remember those frenzied Tariff Controversies which have ended in Tariffs; those endless agitations against Armaments which have ended in tremendous Armaments; those discussions about the size of "the little British Army," which used to go "a damn long way" which have ended in universal conscription, for two years, at the age of eighteen-and-a-half. But our juniors do not remember all that. To them life begins with Hitler's War. And, except to those few amongst them who are born historians, many of Mr. Amery's pages will be "tales of far-off things, and battles long ago."

Can one expect them to be interested in old newspaper stuff like this about the early struggles of the Tariff Reform League? A secretary was wanted. Amery thought H. J. Mackinder was the man. C. Arthur Pearson barged in, apparently with Chamberlain's encouragement, as Chairman. "Pearson remarked that Mackinder might be a very able man, but would obviously try to run the League, and that he, Pearson, as chairman, meant to run it himself, and preferred to have a secretary who would do as he was told. We looked at each other in some bewilderment. But nobody ventured directly to question his authority, and Cousens was chosen. This was a disaster, for neither Pearson nor Cousens, with the best of good intentions, had any real idea of the formidable task before us or of the kind of propaganda required. Both presently faded out, but by then Mackinder had become Principal of the London School of Economics and was no longer available. Anyhow, by the middle of August the Tariff Reform League was in full activity, . . . while Chamberlain had meanwhile started the Imperial Tariff Committee under C. A. Vince with a view to organising the Midlands from Birmingham. Towards the end of the year the Tariff Commission was launched under the chairmanship of Sir Robert Herbert, a former Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, with Hewins as secretary and with a strong body of business men, to study the condition of our main industries. It did excellent work on the practical plane. But the sheer intellectual and historical case against Free Trade was never made with sufficient vigour and persistency or on a sufficient scale."

Many dead horses are still alive to Mr. Amery; and his book is far too full of long extracts from speeches by and letters from himself and others. As a rule, to my thinking, he has been right; but even that doesn't prevent me from preferring those pages in his book which describe his own personal experiences or give portraits of people. He has met a great variety of people. In South Africa and afterwards he knew Kipling:

"I remember taking my nine-year-old Julian to Burwash for a day full for him of information about the ways of rabbits and the construction of Roman drains. Before leaving, Julian, greatly daring, asked for an autograph.

"Do they trade in them at Summerfields?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then I'd better give you a few swaps," adding, for Julian's moral improvement, how at Westward Ho! he himself had made an income by forging autographs, but had finally got caught out over a Queen Elizabeth!

Many another man is here portrayed or sketched—Asquith, Baldwin, Lloyd-George—and the greatest of all of them in his eyes is Joseph Chamberlain. The reason seems to be that, in his later stages, Chamberlain thought of the Empire first and England after. Sir Winston Churchill's defect, in Mr. Amery's sight, seems to be that he puts England first: "Churchill is a great English patriot—the greatest of our age. But his patriotism has always been for England. . . . The other, newer conception, that of the Commonwealth as the object of a wider patriotism, blended with and yet transcending our several national patriotisms . . . that conception has never seriously influenced his thinking, his eloquence, or his actions."

I don't think there is any risk of the Empire being forgotten. In my village, during the Coronation, there were swarms of Union Jacks, Dominions flags and Scottish banners: but not one Flag of England did I see. It flies, on St. George's Day, over the Parish Churches; and one never sees it again.

\* "My Political Life. Vol. I.: England Before the Storm, 1896-1914." By the Right Hon. L. S. Amery, C.H. Illustrated. (Hutchinson; 25s.)

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

THE FLEETS OF TWO NAVAL REVIEWS. By CYRIL FALLS.

THE Coronation Naval Review on the Accession of King George VI. was held at Spithead on May 20, 1937. It thus took place in the second year before the outbreak of the Second World War; whereas that of King George V. had been in the third year before the First World War. The composition of the Navies of the Queen's grandfather, of her father, and of Queen Elizabeth II. herself shows striking differences. Observers in 1937 were inclined to be perturbed by the decrease in the number of ships, especially capital ships. Here the Review truly reflected realities. The young and growing, but already very large, fleet of *Dreadnoughts* and battle-cruisers of 1911 belonged to the past. Some of the battleships of 1937 were far from young, and even radical reconstruction and rearmament had not given them the modernity of a number of their possible opponents. However, modernity was to be seen. Aircraft-carriers, "escort vessels"—there were only eight of these—were novelties in a Coronation Review.

Some heartening sights were to be seen. There was the splendid *Rodney*, with her towering superstructure, as typical in outline of the chief capital ships of 1937 as the "flat top" is of those of to-day. There were five aircraft-carriers, and though only the far-sighted saw in this type the most effective capital ship of the near future, everyone could realise that it was likely to prove highly important and that Britain was relatively well represented in it by comparison with European rivals. The destroyer fleet of sixty looked large, though it was to prove far from adequate. As the King proceeded to Spithead in the *Victoria and Albert*, the strength displayed was great enough to arouse enthusiasm, the chief anxiety being caused by the high proportion of old elements.

One important consideration mitigated this anxiety. The shortage of ships as viewed in the light not merely of British, but also of Imperial commitments was due in large part to international agreements. Numbers were limited more by the Washington and London Treaties than by capacity to build, and this remained considerable. If these Treaties were unwelcome to a big section of naval opinion, they nevertheless secured corresponding limitations in the fleets of potential foes. None of the fighting Services could be said to be well prepared for war, but the Navy was on the whole better off than the Army and as well off as the Royal Air Force. The big note of interrogation overhanging the Fleet was concerned with its power to face the submarine menace in war.

Foreign warships present must not be forgotten, because two of them excited greater interest than any others. One was the German *Admiral Graf von Spee*, the so-called "pocket battleship" designed to provide the maximum fighting power within treaty building limitations. The *Spee* was, however, eclipsed by the beautiful French *Dunkerque*, and it was widely known that the latter had been built to eclipse the former not only in looks but in action. Berthed next ahead of the representative of Hitler's Germany was that of Stalin's Russia, the *Marat*, a strangely ugly modernised veteran of Tsarist days. The French, German and Russian ships posted an abnormal number of sentries, though not all for the same reason. The Russian sailors evidently enjoyed their shore leave.

The development between 1937 and 1953 is on something like similar lines to that between 1911 and 1937. Instead of, according to a recent Admiralty statement, eleven battleships—I make it ten, but the Admiralty ought to know—this time there is only one, the *Vanguard*. Aircraft-carriers, on the other hand, have increased from five to nine, and these figures do not reveal the full increase in aircraft-carrying capacity. Cruisers are down in numbers, even though the *Darings*, often hitherto described as large destroyers, are included among them. Destroyers number only a little over one-third of the total of 1937, but, on the other hand, frigates have multiplied five times. There is an increase in fleet minesweepers and submarines. The biggest increase appears in still smaller craft, particularly minesweepers. Again I am taking the Coronation Review as reflecting the Navy; this is quite reasonable, even though many warships must remain on foreign stations, some are undergoing their normal overhaul, and the Reserve Fleet is represented only in token. On this basis the first characteristic of Queen Elizabeth's Coronation Navy is its frigate-minesweeper strength. That, needless to say, stands for defence against the submarine and the mine, two weapons often combined, since the submarine may be a deadly minelayer. The second characteristic—not so strong and it may well be not strong enough—is carrier air-power.

I have spoken about aircraft-carriers in 1937 and 1953, but so far not about aircraft in either case. In 1937 the first Coronation fly-past of naval aircraft was seen, but it took place in poor weather. The types depicted by Mr. G. H. Davis in the issue of May 22, 1937—including the famous but generally ill-fated *Swordfish*—look more archaic than the most ancient of the ships. The Navy had not very long before regained control of its own aircraft and organised them into the Fleet Air Arm, fortunately for itself. This title was abandoned in 1946 and is now being revived. The Naval Aviation fly-past of 1953 comprised 300 aircraft, Canada being represented by two squadrons, Australia by one, and the R.N.V.R. by no fewer than seven. Anti-submarine employment was most strongly represented, the next largest type being fighters. Air Sea Rescue provided a squadron of *Dragonfly* helicopters. It is unfortunately only too well known that the Fleet Air Arm is passing through a weak phase and that much of its equipment is obsolescent. Even on a festive occasion such as this, the fact ought to be mentioned, and it is plain for observers to witness. It is also well known that there is far better in the background. What the observers do not know is how quickly it will emerge.

To turn for a moment from celebration and ceremonial to strategy, this question of Naval Aviation is the only one on which unofficial but responsibly-minded spokesmen of the Navy have permitted themselves to express strong anxiety. When it began to appear that the urgently necessary modernisation of the Fleet Air Arm was likely to be pushed into the background, silence on the subject became no longer possible. If war were declared against this country at a time when its Navy was without aircraft to protect it, the prospect would be one of speedy starvation. Aircraft alone cannot supply Britain with its needs or even effectively cover the shipping transporting them. The ships of the Navy alone cannot provide the protection required unless it possesses the support of suitable aircraft, with crews trained in the technique of co-operation in naval warfare.

The theory that the man in the street in this country has an instinctive understanding of the work of a navy and the nature of command of the sea is, I fear, coloured with sentiment. It seems that this ought to be so, and we therefore like to persuade ourselves that it is. And yet I would go so far as to say that our man in the street has just a slightly better comprehension of these matters than his brother on the Continent. Even the simplest of his historical text-books help to illuminate the subject. If he has reached the upper forms he may well have been given the opportunity to learn a little that is worth while. If he goes to a university as a historian—he may acquire a genuine understanding. This is more than can be said of the Continent.

Setting aside the religious ceremony of the Coronation, no function amid all the celebrations is more typical of the spirit which accompanies it. The Navy has served the country well under a long succession of Sovereigns. In the last war, before which some thought that its value was nearing its end, it actually proved more indispensable than ever before. There is no object in straining one's eyes into a possible future in which aircraft carrying as much as the average cargo-boat of to-day will cross the Atlantic in a few hours. What is a demonstrable fact, though some are too prejudiced to believe it, is that to-day and as far as we can see, the Navy is indispensable to the very existence of our country. The Coronation Naval Review of Queen Elizabeth II. serves to bring this truth closer to our minds as well as to our hearts.



THE ROYAL PROCESSION HALTS AT TEMPLE BAR FOR A HISTORIC CEREMONY ON THE WAY TO GUILDHALL: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN TOUCHING THE PEARL SWORD PROFFERED TO HER BY THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, SIR RUPEAT DE LA BÈRE, ON ENTERING THE CITY.



THE HIGH TABLE AT THE TRADITIONAL GUILDHALL BANQUET IN HONOUR OF A NEWLY-CROWNED SOVEREIGN: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, THE LORD MAYOR, THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THE LADY MAYORESS, PRINCESS MARGARET, AND THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER (L. TO R.). THE CANOPY OVER HER MAJESTY WAS OF RED-AND-GOLD, EMBROIDERED WITH THE ROYAL CIPHER AND CROWNS; AND THE ROYAL ARMS WERE EMBLAZONED ON THE SILK BACKCLOTH.

#### QUEEN ELIZABETH II. AT GUILDHALL: HER MAJESTY DRIVES TO THE CITY FOR THE TRADITIONAL CORONATION BANQUET.

On Friday, June 12, her Majesty the Queen visited the City and, with the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and other members of the Royal family, attended the traditional banquet given by the Lord Mayor and the City Corporation in honour of a newly-crowned Sovereign. Her Majesty, wearing a blue-green dress with a close-fitting feather hat of green, made the journey from Buckingham Palace to Guildhall with the Duke of Edinburgh in a State landau drawn by grey, postillion-driven horses, through the gaily-decorated streets which were lined with massed crowds anxious to catch another glimpse of the young Queen. The procession, with a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry, halted

at Temple Bar for the traditional "Ceremony of the Sword." The Lord Mayor advanced, and her Majesty asked for admission to the City. He then presented the Pearl Sword, and the Queen touched the hilt, and addressed a few words to the Lord Mayor before proceeding on her way. On arrival at Guildhall the Queen was received outside the red-and-white striped canvas pavilion annexe by the Lord Mayor (who had preceded the Queen in his car from Temple Bar) and the Lady Mayoress; then, the City Marshal leading, the Royal procession was formed and walked to the Great Hall, the Queen escorted by the Lord Mayor; and the Duke of Edinburgh walking with the Lady Mayoress.



# A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. CROWNED HEADS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

at Lambeth and afterwards at Bristol in that same tin-enamelled technique which came originally from the Near East to Spain (what we call Hispano-Mauresque ware) and from there—or possibly direct to Venice from the Eastern Mediterranean—to Italy, where the



FIG. 1. BEARING A CROWNED PORTRAIT OF CHARLES II. AND INSCRIBED "D.C.2 R. 1660": A RARE PIECE OF POLYCHROME LAMBETH DELFT. This rare piece of polychrome Lambeth Delft is known as "The First Coronation Mug," and would seem to disprove the statement that the Coronation mug craze began in Victorian times. Mr. Davis writes: "My guess is that it [the Charles II. Coronation Mug] belonged to a series intended not for the nursery, but for the tavern."

By courtesy of Mr. Geoffrey Howard.

Italians called it Maiolica, after the island of Majorca, in the Balearics, which seems to have been the depôt for this trade from Spain to the Italian coast; thence to Delft, in Holland, where the Dutch imitated not Italian wares but the blue and white marvels from China which were coming in on the ships of the Dutch East India Company; and so to this island, a most intriguing and exciting and romantic story—so exciting that I am liable to forget what this article is about, and indeed, have already left the beginning of this paragraph so far behind that I must insist on a full-stop and start afresh.

Fine, wide dishes, then, first made at Lambeth, south of the Thames, and then at Bristol, were the vogue in the seventeenth century, imitating at some

FROM the home State of Senator McCarthy, that doughty champion of democracy, who to us in these islands appears to be an even greater oddity in his way than one or two of our own politicians are in theirs, I have received a request for a talk about Coronation souvenirs of the past. At the risk, then, of finding myself marked down on the worthy Senator's black list as a promoter of un-American activities, herewith a few photographs and a few words on this subject for the benefit of my good friends in Wisconsin and the world at large. I cannot say for certain that every one of the pieces illustrated on this page this week and subsequently was made specially for a Coronation; most of them might have been produced either at the Sovereign's accession or after his Coronation, and one at least—that showing Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza—was made to commemorate their wedding in 1662. But they are, I hope, of sufficient interest to come within the terms of reference given me in a very kind letter, and I need scarcely add that the list is by no means exhaustive.

Most people, at least in England, when they think of Coronation souvenirs, think of mugs, beloved of



FIG. 2. DECORATED WITH PORTRAITS OF CHARLES II. AND HIS CONSORT QUEEN CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA: A LAMBETH DELFT DISH, c. 1662. This dish was presumably made in 1662 to commemorate the marriage of Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza. It is "a rather more elaborate example than usual, and is clearly an attempt to emulate the Italians, particularly in the border."

By courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Victorian childhood and still as popular as ever. I should not care to make a guess at the number manufactured this year to celebrate the present occasion. I do know one big works which entertained 8000 children on the great day and presented each one with a mug; and you can be fairly certain that this was the standard practice throughout the country. This being so, it was a little surprising to discover that the mug craze is of comparatively recent growth; it seems to have been the mid-Victorian, not the Georgian or the Stuart infant, who started the fashion. There is, however, one mug (Fig. 1), dated 1660, and with a portrait of Charles II. crowned, in the Howard Collection in London, which would seem to disprove this statement; it is of Lambeth Delft—that is, tin-enamel ware—and was no doubt put on the market by the factory during the first few months of excitement when Charles returned from abroad at the end of May in that year, but my guess is that it belonged to a series intended, not for the nursery, but for the tavern. I have seen at least two bearing a picture of Queen Anne, but generally mugs are not greatly in favour for a couple of centuries; moreover, no special fuss is made of any of the Georges, either in ceramics or glass. Those four monarchs no doubt suited us very well, and I dare say we deserved them, but I do not think the most insular Briton would claim that they were either specially lovable or glamorous, and certainly they made little or no appeal to popular imagination. Romance was mainly the prerogative of the Stuarts, as witness the numerous wine-glasses and teapots bearing the emblems of the lost cause. Mugs or tankards, then, of the sort we are looking for, are rare. But fine, wide dishes, about 18 ins. in diameter, made up to about 1680

considerable distance the magnificent maiolica portrait dishes which are among the ceramic glories of Italy. The dish illustrated in Fig. 2, commemorating the marriage of Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza—presumably made in 1662—is a rather more elaborate example than usual, and is clearly an attempt to emulate the Italians, particularly in the border. The poor Queen is not flattered in this portrait any more than she has been flattered by subsequent historians, who present her as a dim, bigoted creature leading a pious, almost ghostly life in the background; but there is an unfinished miniature by Samuel Cooper which H.M. the Queen has lent to the current exhibition of Kings and Queens in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House, which shows a sensitive, intelligent and almost a beautiful face. Poor girl! She was merely not tough enough to deal with Charles, and her reputation has suffered accordingly. Fig. 4 bears a representation of the second wife of James II., Mary of Modena, the mother of James Francis Edward, known afterwards as the Old Pretender. A pair to it exists, with James II.—both date from about 1685 and both are of Bristol manufacture. The style is simple and naïve, the drawing is elementary and in both examples a peculiar trick is noticeable: one eye is placed higher than the other—this, with the upwards curve at the corners of the mouth, gives their Majesties an oddly roguish expression. If the faces are engaging in a nursery fashion, the floral borders are genuinely charming; presumably cornflowers



FIG. 3. KING WILLIAM III., MOUNTED AND CROWNED IN A LANDSCAPE: A "BLUE-DASH CHARGER."

"Here is the victor of the Boyne and the saviour of his country, crowned and in Royal robes, caracoling in a landscape. This dish is of the type known as 'blue-dash chargers.' The 'charger' refers to the dish, not the horse; the 'blue-dash' to the border."

By courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.



FIG. 4. QUEEN MARY OF MODENA, SECOND WIFE OF KING JAMES II.: A BRISTOL DELFT DISH DATING FROM c. 1685.

The style of this dish "is simple and naïve, the drawing is elementary... one eye is placed higher than the other—this, with the upwards curve at the corners of the mouth gives... an oddly roguish expression," writes Frank Davis. He also points out the charm of the floral borders.

By courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

## AN IDEAL EXPRESSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

A subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is the ideal gift to friends, for as the new copy arrives each week the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought of his or her friend, recalling a birthday or other anniversary. It also solves the problem of packing and other difficulties which arise when sending a gift to friends overseas. Orders for subscriptions can now be taken, and should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription.

### RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"

Published at 2/- Weekly

THESE TERMS ARE INCLUSIVE OF POSTAGE	12 months and Xmas No.			6 months and Xmas No.			6 months without Xmas No.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
United Kingdom and Eire .. ..	5	16	6	3	0	0	2	16	6
Canada .. ..	5	14	0	2	19	0	2	15	0
Elsewhere Abroad .. ..	5	18	6	3	1	3	2	17	6

for the Queen. I cannot identify the flower on the King's border (unfortunately, lack of space prevents the dish being illustrated)—I am not sufficiently knowledgeable and suspect that the painter made it up out of his own head. The real point is that the painting is loose and free and gives full value to the white spaces. It is very tempting to regard these and many other dishes as merely caricatures; this is particularly true of a Lambeth dish with representations of William and Mary which comes oddly near the slap-dash technique of one or two humorous draughtsmen of to-day. Whether by chance or design, its very summary lines and dots plus a few smudges do not add to the dignity of the monarchy by modern standards. Certainly no one to-day would dream of treating her present Majesty so familiarly as did this Lambeth painter, King William and his Queen. Yet I doubt whether at the time (1690 or so) this sort of thing was considered either offensive or even bad manners. First, we were a much rougher lot than we are to-day; secondly, there was nothing like the same affectionate regard for the Throne as there is now. The dour soldier King William appears on the dish of Fig. 3. Here is the victor of the Boyne and the saviour of his country, crowned and in Royal robes, caracoling in a landscape. This dish is of the type known as "blue-dash chargers"—that is, the border is narrow and decorated by a series of blue dashes—consequently, more space is left for the picture. The mounted figures are all in the same style, on horses trained in the *haute école*; there are probably more of William III. than of any other celebrity, and his place as a national hero is taken by the Duke of Marlborough after the turn of the century. (To be continued in a subsequent issue.)



## People prefer wrapped bread

It saves them money; it's more economical because there's no waste — the bread stays fresh to the last piece. And, of course, it's more hygienic: that appeals to the housewife who wants all her food pre-packed and cleanly wrapped. So, more and more bakers are wrapping their bread in specially waxed paper, attractively printed before it is waxed — and more and more of them are using the waxed papers made by Powell Lane which, as a Division of the Reed Paper Group, can draw on the great resources which the Group brings to bear on every modern paper problem.

\* REED PAPER GROUP PACKAGING includes unglazed and M.G. kraft and M.G. sulphite wrappings; multi-wall sacks; waxed papers; corrugated papers and cases.

**POWELL LANE**

WAXED PAPERS  
CORRUGATED GREASEPROOF AND PAPER SHAVINGS

*Products of*

POWELL LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD. (GLOUCESTER)

*Division of the*

**Reed**

PAPER GROUP

ALBERT E. REED & CO. LTD

THE LONDON PAPER MILLS CO. LTD. • EMPIRE PAPER MILLS LTD  
THE MEDWAY CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD. • MEDWAY PAPER SACKS LTD  
BROOKGATE INDUSTRIES LTD. • THE NATIONAL CORRUGATED PAPER CO. LTD  
REED FLONG LTD. • HYGIENE PRODUCTS (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD  
POWELL LANE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD. • E.R. FREEMAN & WESCOTT LTD  
REED PAPER SALES LTD

Head Office: 105 Piccadilly London W.1

Saloon • Californian Hardtop  
Convertible Coupé • Estate Car

Saloon • Californian Hardtop  
Convertible Coupé • Estate Car

- Yes, it really is 21 years since the Hillman Minx made its first popular appearance! A fine car even in 1932, the Minx has been progressively developed and improved ever since; and to-day, with well over 21,000 million miles of happy family motoring to its credit, the Minx is part of the fabric of life in almost every country in the world. To celebrate this great occasion, here is the 21st Anniversary Minx . . . the most brilliant, the thriftiest, the most reliable family car of all time!

21 *years, and*  
**000 MILLION MILES** have perfected this car for you

A PRODUCT OF THE ROOTES GROUP



H.M. THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PROGRESSING IN STATE UP THE THAMES FROM TOWER PIER TO WESTMINSTER ON THEIR RETURN FROM GUILDHALL.



H.M. THE QUEEN INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE COMBINED CADET CORPS AT ETON COLLEGE ON JUNE 13.



LEAVING AGAR'S PLOUGH TO THE RESOUNDING CHEERS OF ETON BOYS: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN AN OPEN LANDAU.

#### A QUEEN'S PROGRESS: THE RETURN FROM GUILDHALL BY RIVER; AND SCENES AT ETON COLLEGE.

On June 12, after taking luncheon with the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of the City of London at Guildhall, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh revived an ancient custom by progressing in State up the Thames from Tower Pier to Westminster. They travelled in the P.L.A. launch *Nore*, which had been specially equipped as the Royal barge. On June 13, following the precedent of many former sovereigns after a Coronation, the Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh, made a ceremonial entry into Windsor. The first part of the journey

from Buckingham Palace to Eton was made by car, passing through Slough, where the Queen halted to receive an official welcome from the Mayor and members of the Corporation. At Eton College some 1100 boys welcomed the Royal visitors, who, on Agar's Plough, changed from their car into an open landau drawn by grey horses. Attended by a Captain's Escort of the Household Cavalry, the Queen and the Duke then drove to Windsor, where they were welcomed at the foot of Castle Hill by the High Steward of Windsor, the Duke of Gloucester.

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

TO me, all talk of "personal relationships" is like a knell. Not the idea of them, of course; simply the phrase. It is used always with an earnest air, and as a synonym for man's chief end, yet it is so pedantically dreary. If its apostles were to talk of love—and love is ultimately what they mean—their creed would have a better start. And yet, since what they mean is highly personal, romantic love, it might be no more satisfying in the long run.

Indeed, "*The Echoing Grove*," by Rosamund Lehmann (Collins; 12s. 6d.), strikes one as curiously double-faced. It is a compact of love, hate, jealousy, despair; there is no chink, no whiff of oxygen from end to end. Nothing but personal relationships. . . . The question is, what should we think of them? According to the jacket, that they are a "noble faith," rewarding even in defeat. That may just possibly be the idea; but the effect is contrary. All through, love has the aspect of a vampire, of a fell disease, almost a form of suffocation.

The tale begins with a reunion between Madeleine and Dinah—widowed, and reconciled at last. When they were young, Madeleine was the "flowering" sister; Dinah, small, pale, Bohemian and waif-like, was the *femme fatale*. Madeleine's husband fell in love with her. It was a hectic marriage of true minds, an *Angst*-intoxicated rapture. Dinah's accomplice blew the gaff; and hell took over with a vengeance. Madeleine had the prior claim, Dinah the mute appeal of a lost soul, Rickie a tender heart and an acute sense of responsibility. He simply couldn't choose; and, between Madeleine's too-human scenes and Dinah's rapt fanatical despair, he was emotionally torn to shreds. They lugged him to and fro, in all the howling circumstances of romance, till as a last resort he dropped dead at their feet. Or, at least, all but dead. Then Dinah vanished from the scene; and Rickie came back from the grave, an "undone man," with the detachment of a revenant.

The story weaves about, shifting the point of view and running back and forth in time, with much more virtuosity than the accustomed flashback. Only, in such a seesaw plot, one may be puzzled to recall what happened when. The style is an elaborate impressionism, well-tuned to feelings at the highest pitch. Sometimes the whole gamut—this voluble frustrated love, with its top notes of suicide and dereliction, its hero crashing like a tree—awakes an echo of the pre-romantic age: the age of sensibility and *Werther*. But in those days, they were sententious at least—which made a kind of framework or horizon. This book has none; it is entirely claustrophobic, smothered in the "infernal grove." The only daylight glimpse is at the start, when the two sisters finish off a wounded rat. A grisly scene, and a symbolic rat; yet nothing afterwards has the same impact.

## OTHER FICTION.

In "*The Wounded*," by Tom Clarkson (Wingate; 9s. 6d.), love is again a cross, but it is framed in an external world. Indeed, it has two frames, inner and outer. One is a poor district of London, fringing the Edgware Road and spreading out into the walks and playgrounds of its people. There Betty Saunders, the lame girl, nurses her hopeful, hopeless love for Johnny, the usher at a local cinema. Johnny, mosquito-frail, with his tormented monkey-face and load of sexual diffidence, is yearning for the usherette—a sulky, callous little blonde who yearns for nothing but remuneration. Poor, harmless Chris brags of his new job as a chorus-boy, and pecks round for a crumb of love. Then there is Paul, the leonine old wreck, with his avenging ghosts, and Mr. Gorman, with his idolised half-witted girl. Those are the figures of the piece—wounded, obscure, yet all exalted by the backcloth. For the London views are not simply tacked on; they are a magic mirror of experience.

The inner, spiritual framework is the love of God. There Betty Saunders is at home. Charity is her native air, and though she prays for happiness as well—for Johnny as her earthly good—it is not meant to be. She becomes Johnny's confidante, pleads with his girl, spends all her money, scraped for the pilgrimage to Lourdes, on an attempt to buy his peace—and does him no good after all. And worse is yet to come: a false dawn and a terrible eclipse. Hers, though she does not know it, is the road to sanctity. It is a vivid, touching little book, and, as I said, with a décor of visionary sharpness.

"*Within The Frosty Night*," by Flora Sandstrom (Arthur Barker; 15s.), gives love an equally bad Press, and this time on external evidence. It is the life-story of Mary Tudor, told almost faithfully straight on, and represented as a succour to her wounded name. As such it is a little late; we know already that she was ill-used, merciful and tender-hearted—when not religiously inspired. Nobody now says different, and her portrait here is more or less what we expect, only perhaps a little beautified. The first part of her story—the Queen's divorce, the Lady's persecution of the lawful heir, Mary's long fight and ultimate surrender—is an oft-told tale, although its drama is so brilliant that it never palls. And if the sequel, with its tragedy of autumn love, false hopes and mental breakdown, has been less rehearsed, one can see too well why; it is acutely painful, and yet tedious. Mary, in fact, though a pathetic, is not a very interesting figure. But though the book tails off like the inherent drama, it is intensely realised, and, on the whole, exceedingly well done.

"*Last Seen Wearing*," by Hillary Waugh (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), is a detective story of the literal kind. Lowell Mitchell, an eighteen-year-old Freshman, comely and reserved, one day skips lunch and vanishes into thin air. She is not missed till midnight. Then it appears that she has changed her clothes and walked out in the light of day, yet not a soul set eyes on her. The police are called, and the distracted parents. Boys are, of course, the first idea but there is not a hint of any serious attachment—not even in her diary. At last, for want of clues, the search has to be given up. Then something happens to revive it. . . . I can say no more; but in this vein, I can imagine nothing better. Somehow, the tale combines an aura of the purest realism with a flow of incident, and almost magical evasion of the stodgy. And in Chief Ford, stolid yet fierce, and infinitely pertinacious, it has the best of sleuths—with a good "college" sergeant to play up to him.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## THE BIOGRAPHY OF A WOMAN NOVELIST.

THE modern woman novelist is a good honest craftsman, with no nonsense about her. But the Victorian lady authoress (note the distinction) lived and thrived in an atmosphere so thick with nonsense that it is a wonder she herself, and all those who came within her comprehensive reach, were not rapidly asphyxiated. Think of them: Marie Corelli, Ouida, Rhoda Broughton, Ella Wheeler Wilcox—what a kaleidoscope of flounces, fustian and femininity, of temperaments and Senses of Mission, of sensibility, scandals and sugar! I have from time to time sampled the work of these ladies, and it has left me with a deep feeling of awe, such as one might have gained by swigging *crème-de-menthe* out of a pint pot. Miss Eileen Bigland has now established herself as an authority in this period and genre. Her "*Ouida*" was, deservedly, successful, and she has followed it with a study of "*Marie Corelli*"

(Jarrolds; 18s.). Her biographical subjects are women of extreme sensibility, and she depicts them with the soundest of sense. Miss Corelli is described in the "blurb" as "a warm-hearted woman of the highest integrity, who lacked all sense of proportion." Miss Bigland has been fortunate in her blurb-writer. That is exactly it—and how well Miss Bigland brings it out! The very heading of one of her final chapters, "*The Cygnet of Avon*," perfectly describes Miss Corelli's final establishment of her household at Stratford, complete with pony-carriage and gondola, and her preposterous struggle for power with the Shakespeare Trustees of that dedicated Midland town. Many of my favourite Victorians reappear in this book. There is Mr. Gladstone, who pays the gifted authoress a State visit, and addresses her as if she were a public meeting—unlike Queen Victoria, of course, she enjoys it immensely. (Incidentally, Mr. Gladstone leaves his wife outside in the carriage: "She is accustomed to wait for me, and enjoys the fresh air!") There is Henry Labouchere, who rhapsodised over her voice—"silvery clear, soft yet resonant, of purity unequalled, and having in it the thrill of tenderness"—though "a famous hostess described her as a 'rather common little thing with a Cockney twang'." The Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII., remarked on the smallness of her hand. One of Miss Corelli's more lavish absurdities, "*The Sorrows of Satan*," is based upon the peculiar notion that Satan might be glad if man were to reject him, "as he then might have the chance of recovering his lost angelic position." This welter of melodrama and false theology had an instant success, and was recommended by leading clerics such as Spurgeon and Father Vaughan. We are even told that Queen Victoria read it: I would give much to read a criticism of the work by her imperturbable Majesty. But Miss Bigland makes her point. There is a line beyond which Miss Corelli escapes our mockery. I do not promise to read her works, but I shall think more kindly of her in future.

The Department of Prints and Drawings of the British Museum are publishing a valuable and interesting series of works illustrating and describing their collection of Italian drawings. Those of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries have already appeared, and the latest volume in the series is the first of those which will deal with the sixteenth century. This volume, "*Michelangelo and His Studio*" (published by the Trustees of the British Museum; £2 2s. 0d.), is one of the richest collections of drawings that I have ever seen. This is partly due, I suppose, to the astonishing range of Michelangelo's genius. As one turns the pages, one finds a number of calm, cool, architectural studies followed by figures in violent motion, and these again by a couple of tranquil heads expressing the shyness of girlhood or the serenity of old age. It is a long time since I visited the Museum, but many of these illustrations were familiar to me, as they will be to most readers. It was pleasant, too, to come upon a series of studies for such immortal works as the "*Last Judgment*," of the roof of the Sistine Chapel. The Trustees of the Museum are very much to be congratulated on the production of this work by Mr. Johannes Wilde, whose comments, careful descriptions and indices are most scholarly and informative.

Another beautifully illustrated volume is Mr. Martin Hürlimann's "*Italy*" (Thames and Hudson; 42s.). No one will be brought to agree that it is really possible to compress Italy, as a whole, into the compass of 225 photographs—I myself, for one, feel that Lucca is not fully represented—but Mr. Hürlimann, who is an expert in producing books of this kind, has very nearly achieved the impossible. Again, his range is magnificent. He is as successful with vast panoramas as he is with the details of sculpture or bronze. I am inclined to think, however, that it was a mistake to try to convey the whole history of Italy in a preface of half-a-dozen pages.

As I write this review, we are reading avidly accounts of the conquest of Everest. It is therefore particularly timely that Mr. W. H. Murray, deputy leader of the 1951 reconnaissance expedition, should just have published "*The Story of Everest 1921-1952*" (J. M. Dent; 15s.). This book tells the full story of the mountain, and the various attempts made to conquer it, from the year 1852, when it was first established as the highest peak in the world. The names of Mallory and Irvine are imperishable, and Mr. Murray retells their story well. "The odds against any particular expedition remain heavy," writes Mr. Murray. "As always hitherto, so in the future, no expedition, however strong and energetic, can hope to achieve this summit unless it be aided by three major strokes of good fortune, which must all concur: freedom from high wind near the top; no deep powder on the slopes below or above the South Col; and the right man high at the right time."

Very few people (and I am certainly not one of them) can resist the maps of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with their strange contours, elephants, savages, and odd scraps of information such as "Here be Great Whales," or "Much Gold." We are all Treasure Islanders at heart, and books such as Mr. Boies Penrose's "*Travel and Discovery in the Renaissance, 1420-1620*" (Geoffrey Cumberledge; 32s. 6d.), are calculated to appeal to the Jim Hawkins in us. Prince Henry the Navigator, Prester John, Columbus, Magellan, Drake, Frobisher—all these great names and a hundred more sail once more through the pages of Mr. Penrose's admirably written and illustrated book.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

AT ten seconds ( . . . . ! ) per move, twenty-eight competed in the first Lightning Chess British Championship at Ilford recently. Sixty-five-year-old Dr. (not of medicine) Paul List, the oldest competitor, who settled in Britain about 1937 and has been thinking of becoming naturalised ever since, finished with a marvellous fifteen-and-a-half points out of a possible eighteen. In a triple tie for next place came K. R. Smith, a popular member of the U.S. forces in England, and two familiar contestants in recent British Championships, L. N. Barden and A. Y. Green. When play as originally scheduled concluded, we were told that under one of those inscrutable laws which the British Chess Federation seems to enact and repeal at erratic intervals, neither List nor Smith (though each duly received his prize) was eligible for the title of British Lightning Chess Champion, but that Green and Barden must play off another four games for it.

The tension as these two sat down to play was terrific. Barden won the first game in twenty moves, and I shall give the score of it next week. Green gave away the next by a slip of the finger, touching a piece he could not move, so was now two down with two to play. By a magnificent effort, however, he won both remaining games to tie the match. One more game was played in which, by the toss of a coin, he had Black and lost a protracted ending with knight and bishop against two bishops, with equal pawns.

To R. W. Ives, of Pontefract, a well-known postal chess player, we give tribute for recording all five games accurately in one-twentieth the time the average player takes to fill score-sheets with a mess of blots, inaccuracies and omissions which, in an essay, for instance, would earn a Fourth-former an uncomfortable week-end.

To judge by the Ilford event, success in lightning chess needs a deep experience of exactly the type of quick chess being played and a knowledge of openings which need not be extensive but must be, within its range, faultlessly accurate and, above all, *pat*.

Brilliance—surprisingly, perhaps—is at a discount. Nowadays, every first-class player can punish an unsound move efficiently. A player whose style is based on soundness and endgame skill, such as a Capablanca or a Golombek, comes right at the top in quick chess, whereas a player such as Alekhine or Alexander, who exploits brilliant exceptions to the rules, fares relatively poorly.

Strong nerves are essential. "They're all a-twitch in there!" muttered one spectator worriedly, as he emerged from the playing room.

There may be a special theory of lightning chess. Whereas a rook, knight and bishop normally overcome a queen in ordinary chess, the possessor of the odd pieces must, it seems, have a minimum allowance of time to check up on snap "forks," etc.; and ten seconds per move may be below this minimum. Similarly, to gain a pawn at the expense of a slightly constricted position may be sound chess but dubious lightning chess. The value of a slightly unsound surprise move may be enormously enhanced.

More about this event next week. . . .



## THE TANKER AND THE FLEET

A PROUD REPRESENTATIVE of the Merchant Navy at the recent Fleet Review was the giant new tanker, 'British Sailor'.

Built by John Brown and launched last December, she has a carrying capacity of 32,000 tons. This ship, and others like her, have helped to make Britain's tanker fleet once more the largest in the world.

She is now in service with the British Tanker

Company, shipping subsidiary of Anglo-Iranian. This fleet alone consists of some hundred and fifty ships totalling nearly two million deadweight tons.

These ships carry oil and BP petroleum products to destinations as diverse as Iceland and New Zealand; products which are destined for use in industry, agriculture, transport and ordinary homes all over the world.

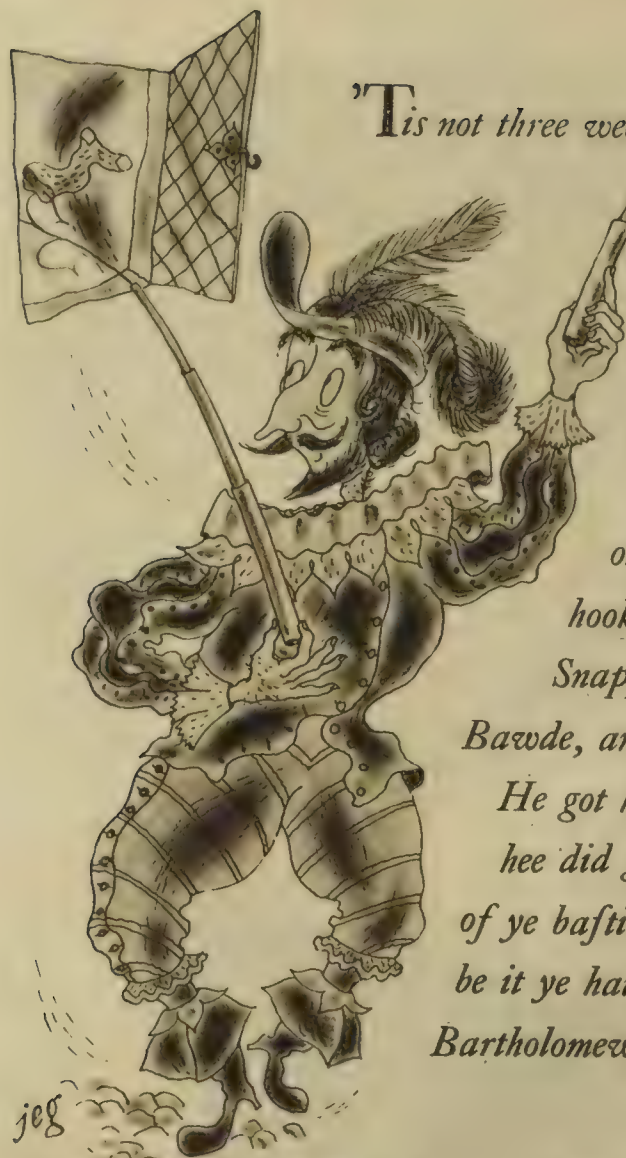


THE BP SHIELD IS THE SYMBOL OF THE WORLD-WIDE ORGANISATION OF

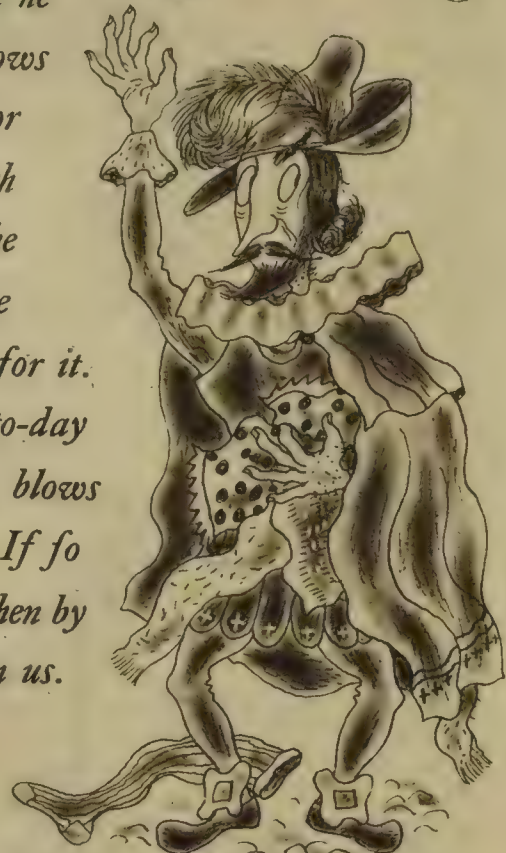
**Anglo-Iranian Oil Company**

LIMITED

*whose products include BP SUPER—to Banish Pinking*



'Tis not three weeks past, a man called on us for a speciale Toole. He wanted a long hooke made of tubes, some nine foote in lengthe, that hath at the end a Crooke, with 3 tynes turned contrarie, which he propofed to thrust through open windows to pull out any loofe linen, apparell, or other household stufes whatfoeuer, which hooke collapfeth and is lette out to hooke the Snappings, which goeth to the Broker or the Barwde, and there they do haue the readie monie for it. He got hyfe hooke, and tooke hyfe hooke, and to-day hee did go Weste to Tyburn, and we hadde 40 blows of ye bastinado for ye aide we did giue hymme. If fo be it ye haue any tube problemme of this kynde, then by Bartholomewe Fayre, we pray ye, keep away from us.



Mr. Accles & Mr. Pollock Metalle Tubes wrought in diuers shapes for honest gentlemen onlie • • • OLDBURY BIRMINGHAM

A 77 COMPANIE

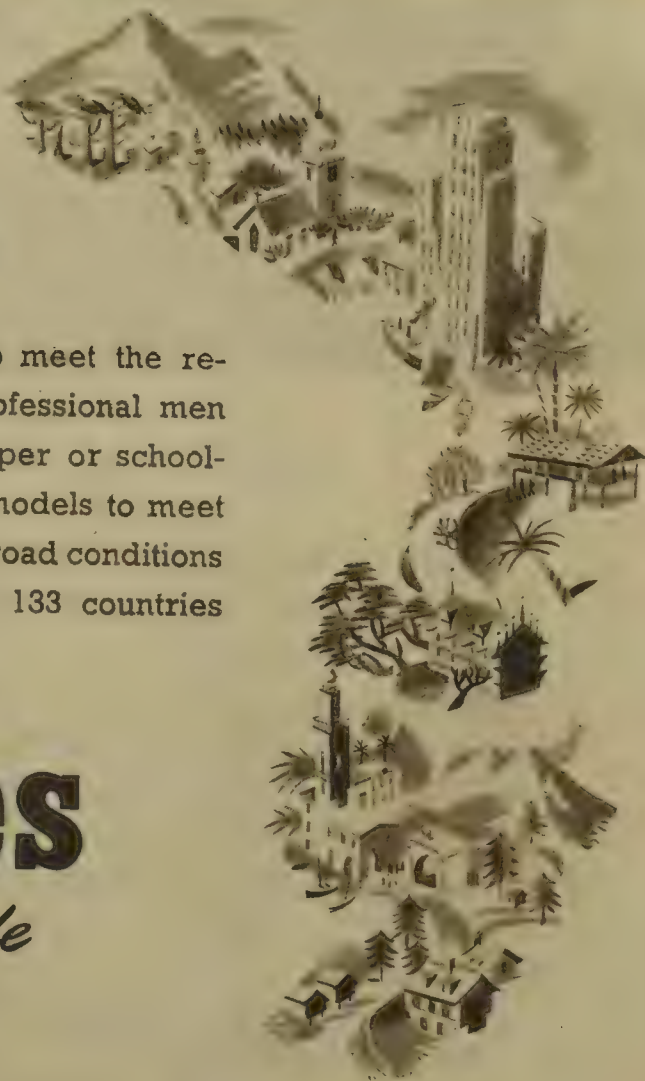


## For the roads of Britain and 133 other Countries


30 individually different models to meet the requirements of the Doctors and professional men of our own country, the lady-shopper or school-boy or girl . . . and 30 additional models to meet the curiously different climatic and road conditions (which Hercules have studied) of 133 countries overseas!

# Hercules

*The Finest Bicycle  
Built To-day*



THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM 6



Here is  
a gold brick

( made of clay )

Here is a bank-note brick and a profit brick—for the man whose bread and butter comes out of a furnace.

Two furnaces, lined with bricks like this, pay better than THREE lined with standard refractories, because they cool quicker and reload quicker.

This is no place to go into wearisome technicalities.

Just make a note of the M.I.28 (one of the new Morgan Refractories) . . . and consult your Maintenance Engineer . . . and tell your Accountant that

**MORGAN**  
Refractories

ARE WORTH FAR MORE THAN THEY COST



## For a winning round

Make yours a winning round by calling for "Black & White". Blended in the special "Black & White" way it is Scotch at its very best.

# "BLACK & WHITE"

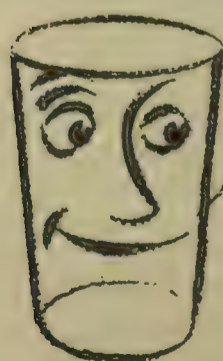
## SCOTCH WHISKY

### *The Secret is in the Blending*

By Appointment  
to the late King George VI



Scotch Whisky Distillers  
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.



Before you say  
SQUASH-

say-  
**Robinson's**

ORANGE  
OR LEMON



# V E N I C E L I D O

## PRINCIPAL EVENTS of 1953

Exhibition of works by Lorenzo Lotto  
(Until October 18th)

Open Air Opera Season (July)

Symphony Concerts in the Ducal Palace (July)

Exhibition of French Tapestries in the Palazzo Grassi  
(July 12th - September 20th)

XIVth International Film Festival  
(August 20th - September 4th)

XVth International Festival of Contemporary Music  
(September 6th - 17th)

XIVth International Theatre Festival  
(September 19th - October 7th)

*MUNICIPAL CASINO open all year round—  
Feast of the Redeemer (July 18th)—Night Regatta  
on the Grand Canal (August 22nd)—Historical Regatta  
(September 6th)—Artistic Events on the Island of  
St. George—International Tournaments of Tennis, Golf,  
- Bridge, Clay Pigeon Shooting, etc.*

AT THE LIDO, ALL THE ATTRACTIONS OF  
A FIRST-CLASS BEACH

From June: competitions for picture-postcard buyers  
(Prize: free sojourn vouchers)-Reductions on railway fares.

Information

{ Italian State Tourist Office (ENIT), 201 Regent Street, London, W.1.  
Ufficio Comunale Turismo, Cà Giustinian, Venezia;  
Ente Provinciale Turismo, San Marco Ascensione 1300, Venezia  
and all Travel Agencies.



## WEATHERCOATS

AVAILABLE AT MOST LEADING STORES

Trade enquiries to  
VALSTAR LTD., 314, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.



By Appointment  
Purveyor of Cherry Heering  
to  
The late King George VI



By Appointment  
Purveyor of Cherry Heering  
to H. M.  
King Frederik IX



By Appointment  
Purveyor of Cherry Heering  
to H. M.  
King Gustaf VI Adolf



By Appointment  
Purveyor of Cherry Heering  
to H. M.  
The Queen of the Netherlands



## *Precious moments*

Through four generations CHERRY HEERING has witnessed as well as created many precious moments. Unchanged since 1818 this old Danish delight will grace your day whenever and wherever you meet with it.



# CHERRY HEERING

*World famous liqueur since 1818*

How superior technical skill can win new world markets

This cast steel water end  
manufactured by David Brown  
for Oilwell Engineering  
Co. Ltd., weighs 3 tons



## BRITISH EQUIPMENT FOR 700-MILE OIL PIPE-LINE

Until quite recently the supplying of highly specialised castings for the world's oilfields and refineries was confined to the United States. Aware that no British company made this equipment, the David Brown Organisation saw its opportunity, and took it. The exceptionally advanced techniques and high degree of skill of the David Brown foundries were concentrated upon entering this hitherto exclusive market. The result of this aggressive attitude towards foreign business is exemplified in the David Brown contribution to the Iraq Petroleum Company's new 30-inch pipeline, which will run 700 miles from the great Kirkuk oilfield to a terminal under construction north of Tripoli, in the Lebanon. For this construction, David Brown supplied a quantity of 16-inch oil pipeline valves—the largest ever made outside the United States. Today, David Brown foundries devote one-third of their entire output of alloy steel to the manufacture of specialised components for the world's oil industry. In doing so, they are winning new dollar markets for Britain.

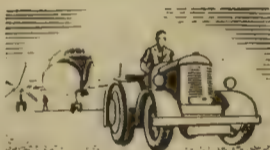
## THE DAVID BROWN COMPANIES

An alliance of engineering specialists in gearing, steel & bronze castings, automobiles, and agricultural tractors & machinery.

DAVID BROWN & SONS (HUDDERSFIELD) LTD.  
DAVID BROWN TRACTORS LTD.  
THE DAVID BROWN FOUNDRIES COMPANY  
THE DAVID BROWN TOOL COMPANY  
DAVID BROWN TRACTORS (SCOTLAND) LTD.  
DAVID BROWN GEARS (LONDON) LTD.  
THE COVENTRY GEAR COMPANY  
ASTON MARTIN LTD. LAGONDA LTD.

DAVID BROWN MACHINE TOOLS LTD.  
THE KEIGHLEY GEAR COMPANY  
DAVID BROWN TRACTORS (EIRE) LTD.  
DAVID BROWN-JACKSON LTD.  
DAVID BROWN & SONS S.A. (PTY.) LTD.  
DAVID BROWN PRECISION  
EQUIPMENT (PTY.) LTD.  
DAVID BROWN (CANADA) LTD.

HEAD OFFICE • HUDDERSFIELD • ENGLAND



One of the many David Brown tractors used at Farnborough during the annual exhibition organised by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. It does the unspectacular but essential job of moving aircraft during ground maintenance.



Britain's first twin-engine twin-rotor helicopter is the Bristol Type 173. The engine mountings, cast in high tensile steel, are typical of the range of complex castings which David Brown make for many of Britain's leading military and civil aircraft.



This David Brown gearbox, recently installed at St. Germans, is part of the largest land drainage pumping station in Britain.

## Announcing the new Bristol 403 Saloon



... one of the world's outstanding cars

THE BRISTOL 403 SALOON . . . aerodynamically styled four/five seater embodying many new design refinements. The six-cylinder Bristol 2-litre engine now gives 100 b.h.p. at 5,000 r.p.m., with fuel consumption 24 m.p.g. at a cruising speed of 60 m.p.h. Improved braking and roadholding characteristics permit full exploitation of the higher performance derived from 403's more favourable power/weight ratio.



### THE BRISTOL 403 2-LITRE SALOON

THE CAR DIVISION OF THE BRISTOL AEROPLANE COMPANY LIMITED • BRISTOL • ENGLAND

London Showrooms: 80 Piccadilly, W.1



## QUALITY by TRADITION

FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD., SHEFFIELD

Telephone No: Sheffield 42051

# S.S. BRITISH SAILOR



Britain's latest monster oil tanker

is lubricated throughout with



# ENERGOL

Marine Lubricants



# Weston's

## Quality Biscuits

**OVER 17,000,000 ARE EATEN  
AND ENJOYED EVERY DAY**

Sole Selling Agents for Ryvita, The World Famous Crispbread and Caledonia Oatcakes.

*The Weston Biscuit Companies of Gt. Britain and Northern Ireland*



**Nigel Patrick**  
discovers  
the smoother gin!



Evening Mr. Patrick, your friend's not here yet.



Knew she'd be late. I'll have a quick gin.



You'll like this Curtis Gin. It's rather special.



Hmm. It is good.  
Nice and smooth.

**CASK MATURING MAKES CURTIS SMOOTHER**  
Curtis is matured in cask. There it becomes more gracious . . . more mellow . . . in fact "smoother". So ask for Curtis Gin — you'll like it better.

"CLEAR" AND "OLD GOLD"  
in bottles, half bottles, six nip or three nip flasks.

# Curtis Gin



Ah! There you are.  
Try this Curtis Gin.



*A gracious welcome to your guests*

20/- bottle

10/6 half-bottle

# The Stately Lawns of England



Fine old houses with a majestic charm, drowsy summer afternoons spent lazing on smooth, green lawns. 'Ah—those lawns, those lawns,' sighs the overseas visitor as he boards the boat for home. But it's hard work keeping those lawns looking just so—unless you use 'Verdone', the selective weedkiller. 'Verdone' does all the hard work for you. Just water it on—it kills the weeds but leaves the grass unharmed.

Quart tin, sufficient for 1280 sq. yds. of lawn, costs 21/-

PLANT PROTECTION LTD · YALDING · KENT



**Here's BIG CAR MOTORING  
at small car costs!**

Everything about the sturdy, purposeful little Renault 750 appeals to the motorist who must count costs. It looks well, handles sweetly, carries four adults in rare comfort and is powered by a tireless, extremely responsive 4-cylinder o.h.v. engine which simply romps over tough gradients and makes long journeying an effortless joy. As for economy—to quote a recent road test report on the Renault 750 by 'Light Car' . . . "With ordinary everyday use a consumption better than 50 m.p.g. might reasonably be anticipated". Brilliant suspension ensures exceptional road holding qualities and freedom from pitch or sway. The flat rear floor provides an unusually roomy rear interior. And high manoeuvrability makes for light going in heavy traffic. Add to these virtues the Renault 750's extraordinarily low maintenance cost and it's easy to see how this attractive car has established itself internationally as the outstanding light car of the post war era.

**RENAULT 750**

Renault Limited · Western Avenue · London, W.3. Showrooms: 21 Pall Mall, S.W.1  
CVS-272



By Appointment  
Makers of Weatherproof Clothing  
to the Late King George VI

## BURBERRY COAT

In heavy diagonal-ribbed double-toned fleece. Shawl collar and bishop sleeves. Suit in Emerald Green West of England cloth with decorative pockets and cuffs. Hat and shoes by Burberrys.

**BURBERRYS**  
HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone: WHitehall 3343

BURBERRYS LTD

# REGENT PACKS PUNCH



*The LIVELIEST  
PERFORMANCE  
of any petrol*

## T.T. PETROL

ALSO

## REGENT BENZOLE MIXTURE

(PREMIUM GRADE BLEND)

You can feel the increased power of Regent T.T., the premium petrol. Its unfaltering punch and splendid acceleration at all speeds is a joy to experience. High Octane is a *natural* property of the crude oils from which T.T. Petrol is refined. Engine knock is eliminated by the high octane in T.T., so you can stay in top longer and get maximum miles per gallon.

TM.7

### H.A. FOX & CO. LTD.

*Officially appointed Retailers for*

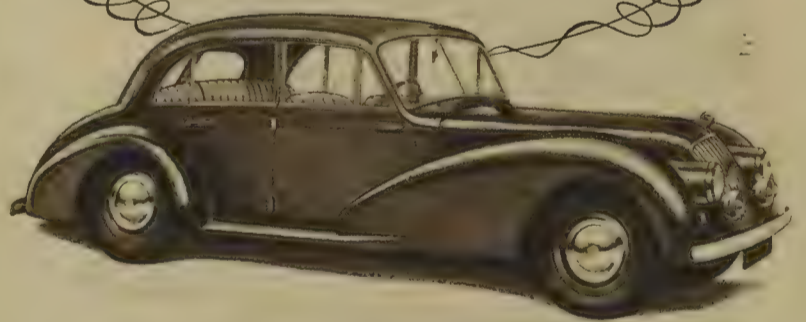
### ROLLS-ROYCE & BENTLEY



*Special Retailers of H.J. MULLINER Coachwork*

3-5, BURLINGTON GARDENS, OLD BOND ST., W.1.  
Telephone: REGENT 7687

## Motoring - with a difference



- . . . the feel of surging power as you overtake  
or glide up the hill
- . . . the comfort of a luxury saloon with the  
handling of a sports car
- . . . the firm grip on the road, even when  
cornering at speed
- . . . the pride in ownership of a coachbuilt car  
in true British tradition, wherever you go,

THE CENTRE OF

Attr **AC** tion

Please ask for a demonstration of this two- or four-door 2-litre saloon.

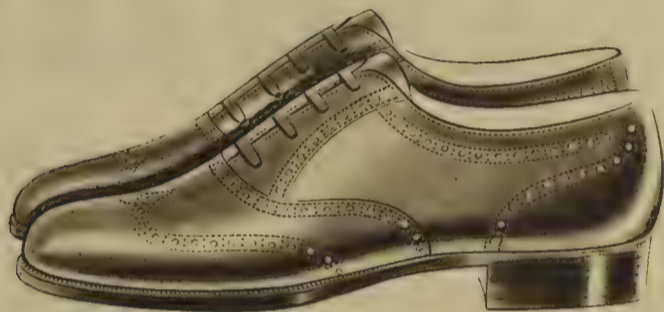
A. C. CARS LIMITED · THAMES DITTON · SURREY

*Cool and light...*



No-one goes quite so light-headed in Summer as the man in the Simpson lightweight Thatch hat. It's just 2½ ounces of smart but carefree comfort in the new shades of fawn, lovat, light and dark grey, mid-brown and dark brown. In superfine fur felt. £2. 12. 6.

## *Simpson lightweights*



Three lightweights to take the weight off your feet in warm weather. This full brogue shoe is in supple black and brown unlined calf with perforated punching. Sizes and half sizes 6-12. £5. 12. 6 Also in brown suede. £5. 7. 6



This casual two-tie shoe has a punched apron for added coolness. In unlined tan reverse calf. £5. 7. 6.



Another two-tie shoe, here with the neat close welt and rand. Available in brown or blue suede, and black or brown calf. Sizes and half sizes 6-12. £5. 12. 6.

**Simpson**  
PICCADILLY

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd, London W.1 Regent 2002



*'Quality Sells'*

*The Spirit for Sportsmen*

**V.A.T.**  
**69**  
SCOTCH WHISKY

*in the Distinctive Bottle*

*Scotch Whisky is the ideal drink for all occasions*

WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD., QUALITY ST. LEITH. London Office: BATH HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1

# THIS is the Gin



By Appointment  
Gin Distillers  
to the late King George VI

*Quality.  
Incomparable*

# Gordon's

## Stands Supreme

Maximum Prices : Bottle 33/9 ;  $\frac{1}{2}$  Bottle 17/7 ;  $\frac{1}{4}$  Bottle 9/2 ; Miniature 3/7. U.K. only



"All's fair in love and village cricket! For ten gruelling overs I defied the Vicar's googlies—only to be caught by P.C. Smithers off a body-liner from the local poacher ... Phew! Lucky the refreshments are well organised.

Quick, Hawkins! Ransack my cricket bag and open our bottle of Rose's Lime Juice! I am about to perform the neatest hat-trick of the season!"



**ROSE'S LIME JUICE**  
makes thirst worth while  
LONG OR SHORT—PLAIN OR WITH GIN

**ROSE'S FRUIT SQUASHES:** Orange, Lemon and Grapefruit. Made from the finest fruit juices, Rose's Squashes are delicious and economical for long or short drinks. All good grocers stock Rose's.



BY APPOINTMENT  
WINE MERCHANTS  
TO THE LATE  
KING GEORGE VI



# Sherry



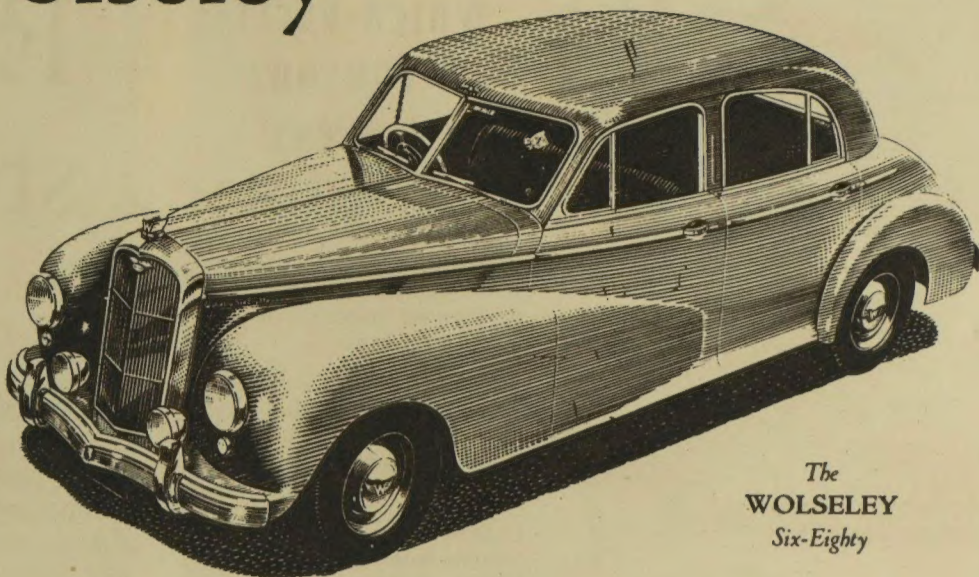
Three Star (Dry Pale or Brown), 18/-  
Apitiv (Extra Dry Pale), 19/-  
Brown Bang (Full Golden Oloroso), 21/-  
Royal Pemartin (Rich Pale Oloroso), 22/-

GEO. G. SANDEMAN, SONS & CO., LIMITED, 20, ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.4

# "He owns a Wolseley"

You couldn't say anything about a man that was more revealing. He likes his Wolseley Six-Eighty because its quiet authority matches his own. He is mechanically-minded enough to appreciate the reasons for its first-class performance and complete dependability. He enjoys the relaxation of his comfortable driving position and the wide all-round visibility. He is not averse to benefiting by its economy in fuel and upkeep. He is shrewd enough to know that of all the cars on the road to-day it is the best value. But even if he couldn't afford it he'd find a way to own it. It's his kind of car. . . .

*The Wolseley range comprises the Four-Fortyfour and Six-Eighty saloons.*



*The  
WOLSELEY  
Six-Eighty*

Six cylinder, 2,214 c.c. engine; "Monoconstruction" body and chassis built as one unit—stronger, lighter, safer, and more durable; Exceptional Wolseley finish with polished walnut facia and window trim; Leather and Dunlopillo upholstery.

*Buy wisely buy*

# WOLSELEY



WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD

*Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1.*

*London Showrooms: 12 Berkeley Street, London, W.1.*



For  
your choice  
of today's  
foremost  
portrait  
painters

**Hans Galleries**

40, Duke Street, St. James's,  
London, S.W.1.

**I wouldn't call  
you fussy, Sir**

There's nothing wrong in knowing what you want and seeing that you get it. As a matter of fact most of my light ale customers ask for Whitbread. People seem to trust Whitbread's Pale Ale when they're entertaining in the home. They say it keeps better—but tastes so good they can't keep it! I've heard it's because Whitbread do all their own bottling, and they have such a name for quality.

*My customers say—*

**the best of the light ales is a  
WHITBREAD**



WHITBREAD & CO. LTD. 27 BRITANNIA STREET, KING'S CROSS, LONDON WC1



**...I always stay at the Palace**

—it's such fun here!

There's this lovely swimming-pool, the open and covered tennis courts, the ballroom and if you play golf—a private course. Besides the resident professionals are so helpful—my tennis has improved amazingly and the swimming instructor could teach a brick to swim! Yes John it's the 'Palace' for me every time.

Sporting holidays or not, the Palace—situated in the lovely Devonshire countryside—provides comfort, service and cuisine so essential to the perfect holiday. Send now for fully illustrated brochure.

**PALACE HOTEL  
TORQUAY**

Manager:  
George Conquest, F.H.C.I.  
Telephone: 2271



*The Finest Hotel on the English Coast*



HARROGATE — Hotel Majestic



BEXHILL — Sackville Hotel



FILEY — Royal Crescent Hotel



SCARBOROUGH — Crown Hotel

## HOTELS WHICH EXCEL IN COMFORT COURTESY AND CUISINE

**HARROGATE**—Hotel Majestic. Unrivalled cuisine. Private suites. Ballroom and Resident Orchestra. Tennis in Grounds.

**BEXHILL - ON - SEA**—Sackville Hotel. Spacious rooms facing the sea. Lounge opens on to lawns and promenade. Dancing in season. Private suites.

**FILEY**—Royal Crescent Hotel. Glorious sands. Boating. Fishing. Tennis. Dancing. Playroom for children. All recreations.

**SCARBOROUGH**—Crown Hotel. Superbly situated in centre of Esplanade. Close to all amusements and sports. Private suites. American Bar.

Write to Managers for Tariffs.

## FREDERICK HOTELS

—noted for comfort



# ENO'S for stomach upsets

*You need the Gentle Antacid  
Laxative action of Eno's 'Fruit Salt'*

A dash of Eno's at any time of day quickly relieves indigestion, heartburn, flatulence. Furthermore, in promoting a regular bowel action, Eno's wards off sick headaches, liverishness, irritability and other symptoms of irregularity. If taken at bedtime Eno's acts as a safeguard against a restless night and a morning "liver".

### INVIGORATING · SPARKLING

Pleasant, refreshing Eno's makes a sparkling, invigorating health drink. As a corrective of all those irregularities of the system which are the results of too "civilised" a life there is nothing better than Eno's "Fruit Salt". Keep Eno's by you. It may be taken by children, or anyone with a delicate stomach.



## Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

THE GENTLE ANTACID LAXATIVE

2/5d. Regular Size — Family Size (double the quantity) 4/3d.

*The words "ENO", "ENO'S" and "FRUIT SALT" are registered Trade Marks.*

# BELL'S

*'Afore ye go'*

This fine old whisky contains all the richness of many years maturing.



ARTHUR BELL & SONS LTD.  
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, PERTH  
• AN INDEPENDENT HOUSE •  
Established 1825

There's never  
been a soap like  
**WRIGHT'S!**



REFRESHES AFTER  
WORK, SPORT  
AND TRAVEL

Bath size tablet now available again.



Have a  
nicer tea  
with  
*"Bermaline"*  
Bread and butter

## Two Steeples

*Super-Combed Cotton  
Underwear with the new  
Absorbent Finish*

These garments absorb perspiration in a similar manner to wool underwear, safeguarding you against rheumatism and chills. They are much easier to wash, give greater comfort and cleanliness, are shrink-resisting and last longer in wear.

From all good hosiers.



TWO STEEPLES LIMITED,  
WIGSTON, LEICESTERSHIRE.



I love

## APRY

the liqueur of  
the **Apricot**

**MARIE BRIZARD**

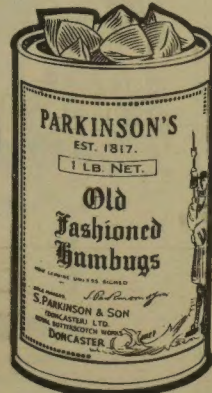


## Parkinson's DONCASTER

NOW  
COMING  
BACK!

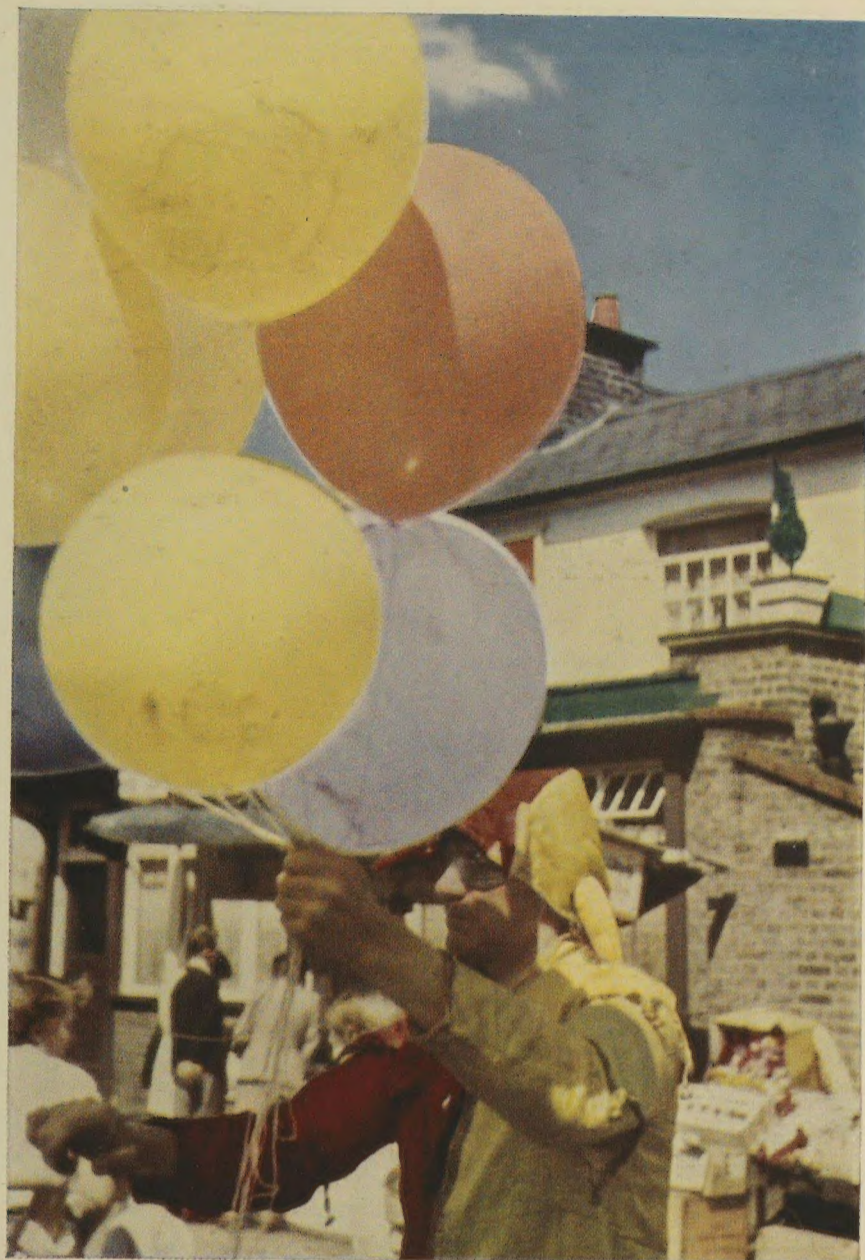
1lb and  
½lb tins

Old fashioned  
Hamburgs and  
other varieties



S. PARKINSON & SON (DONCASTER) LTD

EST. 1817



# The best colour pictures are made on **ILFORD** Colour Film 'D'

Capture those memorable moments in all their natural beauty on ILFORD 35 mm. Colour Film 'D.' The pomp of state occasions and the colour of pageantry, the soft tints of the countryside and the bright gaiety of seaside holidays can all become part of your own picture gallery—faithful and enduring records in colour with all the crispness and sparkle that only ILFORD Colour Films can give.



# ILFORD

MADE IN ENGLAND AT ILFORD, LONDON, BY ILFORD LIMITED



CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



## *EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES*



**A** RMS "Argent, an eagle displayed with wings inverted and looking to the sinister Sable, ducally crowned, overall a castle of three tiers Or."

These Arms, of the Borough of Bedford, were confirmed in 1566, by William Harvey, Clarenceux King of Arms. The Eagle in the Arms is unusual in that it faces sinister. Normally all beasts and birds face dexter, which is to the left as you look at the Arms.

Bedford is mentioned in the Domesday Book. The Castle, until demolished after the siege of 1224, dominated the town.

In 1647, during the Civil War, the City was the Army H.Q. during the controversy between the Army and Parliament.

It was while imprisoned in Bedford Jail that John Bunyan wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress."

*The Eagle has a special significance in the rich tapestry of heraldry, characterising supreme strength and endurance. In this present era, the Goodyear Eagle marks a similar alliance. Powerful in appearance, unequalled in craftsmanship, it is the ultimate in car tyre quality; providing dependability, long life and lasting wear. The Eagle by Goodyear is outstanding value for the bigger car.*



*Issued by The Goodyear Tyre & Rubber Co. (St. Britain) Ltd., Wolverhampton*

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Saturday, June 20, 1953. Registered as a Newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom and to Canada by Magazine Post. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia: Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.

